The Night Barry Lost *Murray Kempton*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Remarks on the Occasion of This Journal's 50th Year

Walter Lippmann Bill Mauldin
W. Willard Wirtz Paul H. Douglas
Ben Shahn C. Vann Woodward

Trotsky's Life —*Irving Howe*

The Non-Novel —*Hilary Corke*

New Hampshire —*The Editors*

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The Faint Echo

★ How did the historic 1964 civil rights debate begin in the Senate? It began this way. After 23 minutes of calling names of members, who answered and disappeared, a technical quorum was obtained.

"Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to dispense with the reading of the Journal," said Majority Leader Mansfield.

"I object," said segregationist leader Russell.

"Mr. President," said Majority Whip Hubert Humphrey, "I ask that the Chair maintain order in this body during all these proceedings."

Crack of gavel.

The Acting President pro tempore (Metcalf, D, Mont.): "The Senate is not in order."

"Mr. President, now that the Senate is in order," said Mr. Russell, "I trust the clerk will read the Journal slowly and clearly enough for all members of the Senate to understand it."

The Acting President pro tempore: "The clerk will read."

And the *Congressional Record* of March 9 adds:

"The legislative clerk resumed and concluded the reading of the Journal."

It took over an hour to read the senseless record of the previous day while knots of Senators laughed and chatted.

So it began. So the great chamber heard the faint echo of police dogs tearing the shirts off Negro demonstrators in Birmingham, Ala., May 3, 1963, that started it all. So John Brown's body lay a-mouldering in its grave as the stately preliminary minuet of parliamentary procedure got under way.

Before this is over we think we see these things: Long weeks turning into months, and old men in the Senate put to a grueling physical ordeal. An historic occasion finding at last a leader worthy of it – Hubert Humphrey (D, Minn.), the civil rights floor strategist. Increased racial bitterness all over the nation, growing deeper as delay continues. Pecksniffian editorial exhortations to Negroes not to demonstrate (which is like telling a man not to scream whose fingers are caught in a door). A gladness by many quiet, earnest people all over the country that they belong to social organizations, particularly churches, so that they can combine and voice their demand for Senate action; for this struggle (we believe) is going to be decided by outside pressure. And finally, yes, finally we rather guess we are going to see victory – through cloture or otherwise; there is something in the atmosphere that really foretells it now, the votes are there, the politics are right, the people are watching. But for those police dogs of Bull Connor's in Birmingham it might have been different.

Enigmatic Yankees

★ When we were up in New Hampshire traveling with Goldwater some weeks back we wondered what all those enigmatic Yankees in their postcard villages thought about the primary? Well, now we know. They take a dim view of Goldwater. They take a dim view of Rockefeller, and Nixon, too. They don't even necessarily like Lodge, though they gave him a startling surprise victory; it is just that having listened to Barry and Rocky they prefer a man to whom they have not listened at all. Not a very complimentary thing really, for the leading contenders.

The Republican campaign has now gone through three stages. At first we all thought, here in Washington, that Rockefeller was in. Then he got divorced and remarried. TRB had no doubt then, and so wrote, that that finished him.

Next it was Barry's turn, the GOP sex kitten. As people discovered his dashing personality his stock boomed, and people asked what he stood for. This is where he made his mistake; he told them. He had been telling audiences of wealthy Republicans across the country to wild huzzas, for the past six years, and stuck to it pretty much: abolition of the graduated income tax, making social security voluntary, handing civil rights over to the states, selling TVA, using force in foreign affairs.

We watched an audience at Grinnell School, Derry, N.H., Feb. 6, on the day Castro cut off the water at Guantanamo, when Barry told them what we ought to do about it; it brought out all the Air Force General (Reserve) in him: "Send in the Marines." Whoops! Four of five applauded excitedly. But the rest thought about it. Reporters asked what they thought. The Dam Yankees wouldn't say.

Now we know both Goldwater and Rockefeller have been badly hurt.

Will Lodge get it? We don't think so. He is nice, and handsome and, we think, lazy. The blockbuster in N.H., we imagine, opened the way a little wider for somebody like Scranton.

Frugality and Jobs

★ We have been stressing in recent weeks the inconsistency, as we see it, of President Johnson's war on poverty with his cuts in the federal budget. Frugality is fine but it is not frugality to keep public service starved. Here, for example, is last week's *Manpower Report* to the President: "Public construction creates more employment in private industry than all other government purchases for non-defense purposes put together." The Report says that "jobs stemming from government programs" supply 18.5 million jobs, representing "more than one-fourth of all employment, civilian and military, in the country in 1962."

You just can't ignore that US job balance wheel in an economy over five percent unemployed. Senator Paul Douglas notes that the US Accelerated Public Works Program, that got $400 million in 1962 and $450 million in 1963 for distress areas, is up for renewal. These jobs get down to people who are untouched by the tax cut.

The amount should be doubled. In crisis areas, Douglas says, "fast federal spending is necessary." He adds, "This program offers the best means of pumping money into those areas which need it most."

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Two Down, Three to Go

John Kennedy helped demolish the notion that primaries don't count. But he won them. What could sustain Governor Rockefeller and Senator Goldwater in the weeks of campaigning that lie ahead, other than a compelling sense of mission – and money? Neither man, judging by New Hampshire, will be nominated by his party for the privilege of standing up to Lyndon B. Johnson in November; and in Mr. Goldwater's case fund-raising will become harder. For though there are many people, some of them well-heeled, who see in the Senator the Republic's only savior, only the most ardent invest in a falling stock. We are left with the sense of mission: Mr. Rockefeller's sincere if often blundering resolve to save the GOP from extremists, Mr. Goldwater's crusade to make his party a spokesman for pugnacity abroad and private enterprise at home. Both men have departed with their attendants for California, where they prepare for the next round. The law in that state does not permit write-ins. If it did, the Lord knows what would happen: New Hampshire may be perversely independent; California is the last refuge of the unreconciled and the unpredictable. So the two losers in New England will have the ring there to themselves. California law does allow the chairman of an unpledged delegation to appear on the ballot, but it is probably too late for any such delegation to secure the requisite number of signatures between now and the primary filing deadline of April 3.

The more interesting primary, however, is not California, but the one in Illinois on the 14th of April. That is where Mr. Lodge's personal candidate in 1952, General Eisenhower, received almost 150,000 write-in votes, and from that moment on, General Eisenhower was the man to beat. It would not be necessary this year for Ambassador Lodge as a write-in candidate in Illinois to beat Mr. Goldwater, or even come close to it, in order to claim a significant victory. All he would have to do is to approach or exceed the Eisenhower vote of 12 years ago, and do it, as the General did, by remaining far away from the battle. If Mr. Lodge is astute, he will stay in Saigon as long as President Johnson lets him.

New Hampshire was revealing, though the losers will discount its significance as heartily as Lodge supporters will inflate it. The truth is that for a small state, it is a fairly accurate political barometer. Voters are not permitted to cross party lines in the primary. In recent years it has become a genuinely two-party state. It has a great deal of small industry, but some farmers too. It has a rich-enough mixture of

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religions and national origins. Never before have more than half of its Republican voters chosen to disregard the names on their ballot and write in another –as they did on March 10. A Harris Poll last fall showed Goldwater to be almost the two-to-one favorite over Rockefeller; the most prominent Republicans in the state were enlisted in the Goldwater campaign; and the Senator got little more than a fifth of the Republican vote. Every time he came into the state, he lost ground. Instead of converting people, the leading evangelist for the right-wing revival scared the hell out of them. A young housewife in Manchester told a reporter she had been for Goldwater, but decided to vote for Lodge for a very simple reason. "Why," she said with some agitation, "he would have us in a war in a minute."

Nor did most Republicans like Goldwater's views on social security, taxes and other domestic issues any better than his bellicose sloganeering on foreign policy. Throughout, he was on the defensive, trying to explain what he meant by voluntary social security, and how it was best for the poor man to be taxed at the same rate as the rich man, and why he would fire Secretary of Defense McNamara.

The Manchester, New Hampshire, *Union Leader* which slavishly followed the Goldwater line and is the only morning newspaper in the state, was so upset by the election results that in its Wednesday morning edition, its publisher William Loeb could only gasp: "Temporary Political Insanity." That was his headline on a signed front-page editorial excoriating Lodge as a man President Johnson would turn into "political mincemeat." Other Goldwater supporters were attributing the Senator's defeat to the crowded primary field (though he was the only self-styled "conservative" running), and to the snow that fell on election day and kept the vote below 100,000. But the Senator was rejected because New Hampshire did not find him to be the Robert A. Taft conservative it expected, and perhaps wanted. The voters discovered a trigger-happy radical in the midst of their pastoral valleys and 19th Century industrial towns. The swell of right-wing enthusiasm which Goldwater backers have professed to see rolling across the nation, proved here to be only a ripple.

They liked Lodge – at least over 33,000 did – because they knew him as a New England neighbor, because they remembered how they saw him on television "standing up" to the Russians when he was US Ambassador to the United Nations during the Eisenhower Administration, and because they knew little else about him. Like Goldwater, he looks better from afar.

Two down and three to go. Anything but Goldwater and Rockefeller seems possible. Lodge certainly cannot be dismissed, and if he shows strength in Illinois and thereafter in the Oregon primary of May 15 (where he is on the ballot), he will become a formidable candidate. But all that lies in the future. From present signs, the real winner in New Hampshire may have been another man who was not there – Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania. The Republican campaign is now made to order for the Scranton "third man strategy." The only cloud on Scranton's horizon may be yet another man who was not present, but whose name more than 15,000 voters wrote on the ballot anyway – Richard M. Nixon.

The Night Barry Goldwater Lost

Washington, D. C.

Eighteen minutes after the last poll had closed in New Hampshire at 7:00 pm, CBS's computer announced the triumph of Henry Cabot Lodge as an indisputable mathematical projection. The Goldwater committee in the nation's capital had barely opened the Madison Hotel parlor to which it had invited its believers.

The congregation never came. The television men were at their stations; the professionals on Goldwater's staff had no duties of hospitality except to explain to the visiting journalists how inconsequential New Hampshire is, the way Eddie Fisher explains how inconsequential Elizabeth Taylor is. There were the girls in their Western hats and their Goldwater sashes, dressed for photographers who would not need their pictures. We think of the Goldwater people as the most radically innocent in all our politics. But the computer has destroyed the innocence of us all. The illusion of Barry Goldwater's special destiny had survived in these people against any interior doubts of reason and all the exterior preachments of established common sense, to be blown away in 15 minutes by a magical, mechanical instrument.

The ordinary believers may in fact have commenced to give up before the polls opened. One of those journalists who has the good sense to know that if you are reduced to canvassing the mind of a voter you might at least pick the most appetizing one possible, asked one of the girls in the Goldwater sashes how she felt knowing that all her hopes for a better America were being rendered into ashes this night. He reported

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that she replied, untroubled, that her involvement with the remains was minimal. She had been sent there by the Young Republicans of Washington because the Goldwater headquarters had called the day before to say that the committed were so laggard in indicating their intention to show up that it would be a fraternal act if a few of the neutral girls would come around just to provide a backdrop. She supposed she was for Nelson Rockefeller.

There was a telephone labeled "Direct Wire to Concord, N.H." and a great blackboard with the names of the state's townships running down its side and the names of the various candidates across its top and blank spaces for the returns. At 8:00 pm those blank spaces were still virginal; 20 minutes later, a young man solemnly advanced to the board with his chalk; there was a rustle, more of resignation than of anticipation, and the young man carefully chalked the number of voting precincts beside each township.

No votes had yet been posted. Senator Goldwater has been accused of protecting his followers from the real world. Now his committee had constructed the ultimately-merciful isolation chamber; we were in the one place in Washington where he who truly believed could come and be assured of freedom from the peril of hearing a single early election return.

Around 8:45, Clifford White, the Goldwater campaign's operational director, was telling NBC about the power of family sentiment in the Lodge vote. We must understand, he said, that this was a regional phenomenon. New Hampshire had looked at Henry Cabot Lodge and seen a native son. I cherish Henry Cabot Lodge because he is the only politician I ever again expect to see run for office who, when he is asked a question at a press conference, begins his answer, "Well, my good man. . . ." Of all the spectacles an inflamed mind can conceive, the only one I would reject out of hand would be the image of Henry Cabot Lodge looking upon the assembled voters of New Hampshire and holding out his arms and crying, "Mummy . . . Daddy."

There cannot ever have been a night quite like this in our political history. We had watched two powerful American politicians, limitless in resources, expose themselves wherever two or three were gathered together in the sight of God and the boundaries of the state. And when they had finished, 55 percent of the voters had found against both of them.

The week before, Goldwater had made the point that the Lodge movement was a threat not to him but to Rockefeller. The impulse to write in the name of our former Ambassador to the United Nations was, he argued, far more apt to overcome a voter who was leaning to the Rockefeller rather than to the Goldwater position. That is sound reasoning and it impels the thought that, if New Hampshire had been offered no

other choice, Rockefeller would have clobbered Goldwater and, at this moment, we would all be entertaining illusions of Rockefeller's majestic recovery.

His television duties completed, Clifford White addressed what few ordinary worshipers might be scattered around church among the priests, the acolytes and the sextons. "We're going to have a long evening," he told them. "In 10 or 15 minutes we're going to give some of the returns." There remained among the professionals the faint hope of an upturn; the direct wire from Concord had not sounded all night. The girl who had been stationed for its first clang had long ago been induced to go to the bar for a drink and an interview: "Pepsi-Cola," she said as she rose, "I've given up everything for Lent." She had deserted a useless post; the phone sat silent. At 9:30 the attendant went to the board and began ravishing it with the figures.

Precisely at 10, Barry Goldwater was on the stage. There were shouts that "We want Barry" and he answered, cheerful as always in trouble, that they were going to get him. He wanted, he said, to thank them all and to say that Cabot Lodge had an excellent organization, "although ours was as good or better." His is too handsome a nature for his business; he could offer the conventional excuse that he had been beaten by a better organization and then at once withdraw it, rather than hurt the feelings of a friend. He talked

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about native sons and how, as a Westerner, he would do better in California. And then, as is his nature, he said the sort of thing that rebutted his own case. The "beauty contest," he pointed out, was less important than who got the New Hampshire convention delegates. He was sure he would get some of them; New Hampshire voters could hardly turn down their senior US Senator, "the Speaker of their House, the President of their Senate" as delegates to the Republican convention. And these were all Goldwater candidates. But all these Goldwater delegates, just at that moment, were trailing Lodge's slate of unknowns.

Barry Goldwater had managed to remind anyone present who might otherwise have overlooked it of the entire enormity of his disaster. His delegate list had included every Republican state officeholder of substance, and, by mere temporary association with Barry Goldwater, every one of these poor fellows seemed to have gone down.

Goldwater ended accepting all the blame as his own; he had goofed, he said, and made mistakes he would not make again. They still had a whale of a chance, he told them; and then he cheerfully departed. A reporter asked him to detail his mistakes and he answered: "None of your business." So he doesn't use "damn" any more; it would be sad if he thought that this engaging practice had been his only mistake.

While the Senator waited upstairs, everyone else began to leave and met upon the stairs new figures arriving late. One was Arthur Summerfield, former postmaster-general of the United States and former national chairman of the Republican Party, who had bet on Goldwater last summer; another was Dan Gainey of Minnesota, an authoritative disposer of campaign funds. They are large men, with faces unchanged by a bet won or a bet lost; they paused just long enough to say good evening as though we had all happened to meet on a street corner and then their broad, flanneled-backs went through the door to the hall to Goldwater's suite. It was hard not to believe that Barry Goldwater's late vigil with the returns was about to end with the visit from his banker to say that there could be no further credit. MURRAY KEMPTON

COMING: *A review by Christopher Jencks of "Sex and the College Girl"*

Picking a Vice President

Echoing a widely-voiced sentiment, the *New York Times* remarked editorially on March 9 that the choice of a Vice Presidential running-mate is entirely up to President Johnson, and that he should be left as free as possible "of untoward political pressures in making his choice." The Vice President must be fit to assume the Presidency if necessary; that is the overriding test. Write-ins in New Hampshire, the *Times* added, would not help decide whether a man passes that test. New Hampshire's Democratic Senator McIntyre concurred: "I think the choice of Vice President should properly be left to the President."

No doubt it is traditional that Presidential nominees have the casting vote in choosing their running-mate, and that a sitting President can make the choice single-handed. But we forget the degree to which that tradition is tied in with the equally traditional attitude that the Vice Presidential office is in itself insignificant, and that a candidate for it should merely be someone who will not hurt the head of the ticket in getting elected, nor unduly annoy him while they serve together. We know better now. We have cause to remember how often we actually nominate a Chief Executive when we select a Vice President. How paradoxical, therefore, to urge that precisely for that reason we should strive to insulate the choice of a Vice Presidential candidate from the electoral process.

This is no endorsement of Robert Kennedy. It is an endorsement of the importance of the Vice Presidential office and of the democratic process. Primaries have their shortcomings, and a running-mate cannot and ought not be rammed down the throat of the Presidential nominee. But primaries are the only means individual voters have to inject some electoral opinion into the nominating process.

De Gaulle's Challenger

Next week Gaston Defferre, the man who will run against General de Gaulle for the French Presidency in 1966 or sooner, will be talking to audiences here. Defferre has been in and out of French governments since the end of World War II; he is a senator and also mayor of Marseilles, but it is his role as de Gaulle's political opponent that naturally gets him most attention. He is evidently hoping that the passing of time is bound to erode de Gaulle's popularity – French opinion polls suggest this is already happening – as well as sharpening some domestic problems, like the cost of living. On foreign policy, Defferre is said to be hoping for an inflowing tide of democratic socialism in Europe that would enable him to work hand in hand with

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Britain's Harold Wilson, leader of the Labour Party, West Germany's Willy Brandt, leader of the Social Democrats, and Pietro Nenni, the leader of the Italian Socialists. His slogan is said to be, "Europe is socialism's opportunity and socialism is Europe's." The French apparently do not greatly object to, and probably rather enjoy, de Gaulle's swipes at the United States, but tend to worry about the obstacles he has placed in the way of European political unity by his enthusiasm for the flavor of old-fashioned, full-blown national sovereignty. Defferre believes in the political union of Europe, on a socialist basis, and thinks that the Common Market points the way.

On the subject of Europe's relations with the US, the mayor of Marseilles has developed an argument that constitutes a shrewd thrust at de Gaulle. This is that with all his fine talk of French independence, de Gaulle has actually made France more and not less dependent economically on the US. De Gaulle has done so, Defferre's supporters say, by spending enormous sums on an independent French nuclear force. Had the money been devoted to economic development, France could have led an economically vibrant Europe into a position of competitive equality with the US. The Defferre camp moreover pours plenty of cold water on the efficacy of a French nuclear force, declaring that France is amply protected at least for the time being by NATO.

Defferre will be in the United States only for about five days at the end of this month, but he is expected to put up a strong appeal for his view that in 15 years there can be a politically-unified Europe that can include Britain and that can claim economic and military parity with the US. Then it will be possible to begin to transform the "dumb-bell" of an equally-balanced America and Europe into one Atlantic Community.

This is said to be the pitch that Defferre will make in this country, in contrast to de Gaulle's sidestepping of a meeting with President Johnson and de Gaulle's sudden enthusiasm for Mexico and Brazil. The pitch, whatever it is, will be made by a handsome, practical French Protestant who claims to concern himself with hard facts and figures which Americans understand, and to eschew the Gallic oratory and political mysticism with which the General is identified.

UN's Task in Cyprus

The Cyprus crisis found weariness widespread among those members of the United Nations who have been putting out the global brushfires. The Swedes, the Canadians, the Irish, the Brazilians, the Finns all displayed understandable reluctance to answer the call of the Security Council for an international force to relieve the hard-pressed British of the task of keeping peace between Greeks and Turks on the bloodsoaked Mediterranean island. When the UN was younger, the sheer novelty of a vote authorizing the dispatch of an international force was generally enough to set the peace-keeping units of several nations in motion within 24 hours. But fingers were burned in the Congo, and this time the Canadians and others have asked for some assurances that their troops would not be tied down indefinitely in the middle of a particularly savage civil war. This is understandable, but regrettable. A war between Turkey and Greece over Cyprus, and that could not be ruled out, would have incalculably grave consequences. As the UN alone might be able to avert such an outcome, the UN members had a clear duty to try, without imposing conditions. For its fate and future were also at stake.

Both the Greek and Turkish governments are to some extent at the mercy of inflamed public opinion. In addition, the Greek government dares not risk losing President Makarios to the Russians. Makarios is in turn not a completely free agent, as about a fifth of the Greek Cypriots are pro-Communist and have their own private army. Yet these very circumstances suggest that the UN, and only the UN, can provide a solution. A peace-keeping force consisting of two or three small nationalities (in the power-politics sense of "small") would offer Greece and Turkey a chance to find a way out. Similarly, it would take President Makarios off his own set of hooks. Finally, the Russians would not be averse. They did not oppose the Security Council resolution to send a UN force to Cyprus, and are probably less inclined to back the pro-Communist minority of Greek Cypriots than the latter imagine.

Immunity from Criticism

Twice in the 19th Century the South decided that it had found exactly the race policies it wanted, and both times, as the historian C. Vann Woodward reminds us, the South then closed its mind. "The debate was over. Dissent was ground down or smashed. Conformity was demanded of all." This is what happened over the slavery issue in the early 1830's. The same thing happened again over segregation around the turn of the century. A somewhat similar attitude began to manifest itself in the mid-1950's, in reaction to the Supreme Court's desegregation decision. But there is a highly significant difference this time, which the Court has emphasized in the *New York Times* libel case.

The big difference is that the South cannot now in any real measure seal itself off from national public opinion, from the national press, magazines, radio and TV. Not unnaturally, there was an attempt in Alabama to demand immunity from these national media

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also, and it was this attempt that the Supreme Court has struck down. The *Times* early in 1960 published an advertisement attacking conditions in Montgomery, Alabama, and by implication the conduct of city officials. The advertisement included a few minor inaccuracies, but its main point was a vigorous attack on racial practices in Alabama. An elected member of the Montgomery city government obtained a $500,000 verdict against the *Times*, on the grounds that the advertisement had libeled him under Alabama law. The Supreme Court reversed this judgment (a number of other such suits are pending and are also affected), holding that the First and Fourteenth Amendments to the federal Constitution protect all persons in commenting on public affairs and the conduct of public officials, and that they protect even comments that may be factually erroneous, so long as the error does not spring from malice – which means, among other things, so long as the error is not intentional. Freedoms of expression, the court said, quoting an earlier case, "must have the breathing space that they need to survive." Although the principle now laid down is fresh, it long ago, as Justice Brennan said, "carried the day in the courts of history."

It should be noted that the right to make vigorous and relatively free-swinging attacks on public officials, which the courts have now safeguarded, is not altogether without limit. To be immune from suits, an attack must relate to the official's conduct of public business, not to his private affairs. This was conceded even by Justice Goldberg, who, like Justices Black and Douglas, would have granted an immunity broader than that defined by the majority of the court. The making of knowingly false statements is not protected.

Stalling on the Arts

In an area where the White House seems to be faltering, Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy has moved confidently ahead. She has made sure that the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston will be a notable event in the history of modern art and architecture: the building's design will be guided by the most illustrious international array of talent ever assembled for any one project. Her list of 18 advisers includes not only such domestic masters as Mies van der Rohe, Louis Kahn and I. M. Pei. It also includes Alvar Aalto of Finland, Franco Albo of Italy, Lucio Costa of Brazil, Sven Markelius of Sweden, Sir Basil Spence of England and Kenzo Tange of Japan. The committee will be chaired by the spirited William Walton – a Kennedy family friend, a notable painter, and the keen, new chairman of Washington's Fine Arts Commission. Rubbing heads such as these together, Walton cannot fail to emit some very exciting sparks.

Such sparks might brighten our government design efforts, too, all the way from the monstrous federal office buildings down to our postage stamps. John F. Kennedy had raised great hopes that, indeed, they would; but his *élan* in the arts has already woefully died away. As Kennedy's art consultant, August Heckscher recommended the setting up of just such a spark-emitting engine in the federal government. He urged the appointment of a permanent, full-time adviser on the arts in the White House, who would be supported by an advisory council and guided by a National Arts Foundation. "The best tribute to the success of your work," Kennedy told Heckscher upon his return to the Twentieth Century Fund, "is the decision to establish this function on a full-time and, I hope, permanent basis." The permanent new arts adviser was to be appointed on the Monday on which Kennedy was to return from Texas.

At this writing he has still not been appointed, and, on the day Mrs. Kennedy announced her library design advisory committee, Heckscher gave a warning before a New York lecture audience that this whole government program may be lost "through delay and confusion." Everyone naturally expects President Johnson to organize his own Administration with his own people. But the art world is disappointed that Heckscher has not been consulted by the Johnson team, in order to assure some sort of continuity in this effort. There seems to be a tendency in the White House to regard the whole thing as a sentimental gesture, concerned exclusively with the construction of the giant Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington.

Washington needs an opera, concert hall and theater. But the national task is broader than that. It touches all the arts and, as Heckscher has put it, art and architecture "as they affect communities across the land and as they help determine whether the environment in which we live shall be vital and truly habitable, or ugly and ill-planned." The look of each post office in Oshkosh or San Francisco uplifts or depresses our civilization and our self-respect. It does not create culture. But, for better or for worse, it expresses our culture.

As the architectural excellence of US embassies abroad proves, raising the standards of taste and design in government is by no means impossible. But it cannot be accomplished in an off-hand way. It cannot be accomplished by people who think of culture only in terms of raising funds for gala performances in glittering new festival halls. As Mrs. Kennedy's advisory group has shown, the best talent in the world stands ready to serve the cause if President Johnson will only call on it. Every day that his call is delayed brings us more depressingly ugly post offices and dissipates the great hopes and creative energies that John F. Kennedy's taste and aspirations aroused.

WOLF VON ECKARDT

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Bobby Baker's Silence—Back to the Fifth

The Bobby Baker investigation may, one hears, soon come to an inconclusive halt, owing in part to a certain Senatorial reluctance to pursue paths of inquiry that lead to Senatorial names, and in part to a refusal by a number of witnesses to answer questions.

Mr. Baker did not simply plead the Fifth Amendment. In an effort to avoid the opprobrium that unjustly attaches to such a plea, Mr. Baker and his counsel, Edward Bennett Williams, laid down also an elaborate smokescreen of other pleas: the First, Fourth and Sixth Amendments. The First is the free-speech Amendment, the Fourth protects against unreasonable searches and seizures, and the Sixth guarantees trial by jury and the right to confront and cross-examine witnesses who appear against one in a criminal matter. The applicability of the First is difficult to fathom in those circumstances. This was pure smoke. By his invocation of the Fourth and Sixth, however, Mr. Baker was saying that this investigation served no legitimate legislative purpose, and was aimed at exposing his affairs to public scrutiny for the sole purpose of punishing him by publicity for conduct that the Committee found objectionable. Thus, Mr. Baker contended, it was an unlawful search and seizure – an invasion of privacy, a trial without benefit of jury.

But the power of Congress to legislate about conflicts of interest between the public duty and the private money-making of its own employees is undoubted, and, the Senate having specifically authorized this particular investigation, the courts will not only not interfere, but will punish recalcitrant witnesses for contempt. They will do so unless there is an effective plea of the Fifth Amendment, which is construed to mean that no one need testify to criminal conduct, thus in effect convicting himself out of his own mouth. And so, behind the smoke-screen, Mr. Baker faced the dilemma of countless witnesses before him: answer and undergo a public trial about his private affairs with practically no procedural safeguards; or take the Fifth Amendment, and thus damage himself in only somewhat lesser measure, because of the widespread popular belief that no one takes the Fifth Amendment who does not have a crime to conceal.

There is this much of validity in the popular belief: there can be no valid claim of the Fifth Amendment privilege unless, at the very least, as the Supreme Court has said, it is "evident from the implications of the question, in the setting in which it is asked," that a truthful answer could reveal some fact that in turn could lead to the discovery of a crime. But people plead, and are fully justified in pleading, the Amendment in order not to reveal a fact that could lead to the discovery of what might *appear to be* a crime, which the witness may know he is not guilty of, and of which he may even think he can prove his innocence. People, in other words, legitimately plead the Amendment not only to avoid conviction, but to avoid prosecution.

Moreover, under an unfortunate bit of law laid down by the Supreme Court in 1951, it is necessary to start pleading the Amendment quite early in a given line of questioning in order to be entitled to plead it at all, and the only entirely safe course may be that commended to prisoners of war: give nothing but your name, rank and serial number. For the law, silly as it may be, is that a witness will be held to have waived the privilege if he has already revealed anything, however trivial and in itself innocent, that could give a lead to the discovery of the possible crime about which he then refuses to testify further. Therefore, if Mr. Baker is for example afraid of a conceivable income tax prosecution which, however remotely, might have to do with commissions he may have received on insurance written by one Don B. Reynolds, he had better refuse to answer when asked whether he did, through Reynolds, make a gift of a stereo set to Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson. Mr. Baker refused to answer this question; and yet, for the reason just mentioned, and possibly for another combination of reasons, the ready inference that his refusal covered criminal or even faintly malodorous conduct in this particular instance would be extremely unfair. The same is true of almost any other particular question.

The special and perverse unfairness to which the waiver rule gives rise could be cured by qualifying or overruling the case (*Rogers* v *US*) that enunciated the rule over the dissent of Justices Black, Frankfurter and Douglas. The Court could be presented with an opportunity to institute this reform, however, only by a witness who was either extraordinarily ill-advised, or was willing to assume a fearsome risk when there is no real inducement to run it. And in any event, the Court would in this fashion merely be removing one thorn from what would remain a very thorny dilemma.

The trouble is that virtually all Congressional investigations are more or less invasions of privacy and trials without jury, unless one posits in some fashion an exception in favor of investigations that aid the legislative function. And if one does, as under present law, posit such an exception, then virtually no investigation can be held to be unlawful, since the legislative function covers the waterfront. The exception must, quite clearly, be made. We dare not put blinders on Congress and require it either to legislate on unfounded surmise,

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or wait to glean the facts it needs from the records of court trials, which may or may not provide them. There is more force in the opposite suggestion, namely, that Congress ought to think about enabling itself to offer immunity from prosecution to witnesses like Bobby Baker, who have too often stymied it in performance of its necessary job. Immunity statutes are constitutional, and where they are applicable, they render the Fifth Amendment unavailable.

Whether he answers or takes the Fifth, what the witness really has to fear is publicity. It is disagreeable, no doubt, to be forced to disclose things about one's affairs to Senators and Representatives, but people are effectively destroyed by Congressional investigations not because of what the Senators and Representatives learn, but because of what they make dramatically known to the whole wide world. And this is often unnecessary. Congress might take a leaf from the requirement it imposed by statute, for example, on the Civil Rights Commission, and hear evidence that tends to defame, degrade or incriminate, in executive session, releasing no transcripts. There will be leaks, but these are not the same thing as the circus of a public hearing.

Of course, if Congress is to act, the facts which it has gathered and on which it acts must necessarily become public, in committee reports and in the course of debate. But it will not always be necessary, it ought seldom to be necessary, to tie people's names to various relevant tales of misconduct that a committee may have authenticated in private. Nor will it always be possible, however, to avoid publicity or even to avoid TV. For facts without names may sometimes be meaningless. And what is in question is not only the ability of Congress to legislate; it is also essential that laws be widely understood and accepted. Congress will sometimes wish to generate understanding and consent for the commands that it embodies in statutes, by dramatizing and broadcasting as widely as possible the facts that lead it to act. It is for this reason that we cannot expect the courts to impose upon Congress a requirement that it hear defamatory matter privately. A question of judgment is involved in deciding whether individual privacy or the public interest is the ruling consideration in given circumstances. This is a question of political judgment, to be left to the conscience of Congress.

But to charge the conscience of Congress is also to charge the conscience of the public. To leave a matter to Congress is to leave it subject to the control of public opinion. Alert newspapers and TV networks, which see further than their most immediate commercial interest, should strive to make it just as unpopular and costly for Senators to deny privacy without any apparent good reason as to keep things secret for the wrong reasons.

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

FOREIGN REPORT

BRITISH GUIANA: *Can Jagan Hold On?*

★ The decision of British Colonial Secretary, Duncan Sandys, to have new elections held in British Guiana on a basis of proportional representation, some time this year, and *then* discuss a date for giving the country its independence, may mean that the People's Progressive Party (PPP) of Guianan Prime Minister Cheddi Jagan will lose its majority in the legislature. Proportional representation seems bound to benefit the PPP's major political opposition, the socialist People's National Congress (PNC), led by the attorney, L. Forbes Burnham, as well as Guiana's other opposition party, the conservative United Force (UF), headed by a wealthy brewer, Peter D'Aguiar.

In the colony's last election in 1961, the PPP won 20 legislative seats, compared to 11 PNC seats and four for the UF, but got 42.7 percent of the votes, to PNC's 41 percent, and 16.3 percent for the UF.

Jagan's PPP is mostly supported by the rural East Indians, who constitute about 47 percent of Guiana's 600,000 population. The PNC's votes are drawn largely from the 40 percent of the Guianans of African descent, who live primarily in Georgetown, the capital, and several other urban centers. The UF gets its votes from the European and racially-mixed groups in Georgetown, along with those of the American Indians of the interior whose political behavior reflects the pervasive influence of the Roman Catholic Church.

The colony's three political leaders had failed to agree on the future constitutional framework of British Guiana, and had stated in writing that they would abide by whatever decision Sandys made. Nevertheless the PPP is now holding mass meetings, protesting "imposition of the Sandys plan." To make matters worse for the PPP, Sandys also decided not to lower the voting age from 21 to 18 years, a move which would have favored the East Indians. Jagan refused to see the British Electoral Commissioner who arrived in the colony to organize the coming elections. Jagan may be unable to hold the votes he received in the last election, and there is a strong likelihood that the new Guianan government will be a coalition of the PPP and the PNC.

Burnham and Jagan split the original nationalist movement in 1955, and the schism was caused less by racial than by ideological differences and personal animosity between the two men. By 1955, the pro-Communist line of Jagan was becoming more evident, though Jagan is even today very adroit at evading the direct question concerning his political beliefs. The PNC sees itself as a left-wing socialist party which is at the same time anti-Communist. But Jagan and Burn-

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ham both want political independence.

Nevertheless racial hostility does exist in British Guiana, and is increasingly accompanied by acts of violence, though there is quite a lot of intermarriage, and both the PPP and the PNC present racially-balanced tickets. Because there are fewer Negroes than East Indians, the political advantages of racial voting are with the PPP. The slogan *Apan Jaat* (Hindi for, roughly, "vote race") was used by PPP supporters as early as 1957. Elements in the PNC also indulge in racist appeals, but in 1961 this was somewhat checked when Burnham expelled Sidney King, a well-known exponent of African separatism, for "racialism."

Internationally, the PPP looks on with approval at the growing number of Guianan students accepting Communist scholarships. The PNC is in the mainstream of Afro-Asian neutralism and regards alignment with the Communist bloc as a form of neo-colonialism and a threat to Guiana's hoped-for independence.

British Guiana's economic growth has not kept pace with that of nearby West Indian territories. But there has been improvement in the living standards of the rural populace, as a result of favorable agricultural prices, and the rural reforms initiated by the PPP. In the cities, however, unemployment has been increasing and the Negroes have become the most economically-depressed group. Failure of the PPP to come to grips with Guiana's urban problems has kept the colony in a state of acute unrest, aggravated by racial tensions. In February, 1962, a violent anti-Jagan riot occurred in Georgetown, and a large portion of the commercial district was burned down. Jagan had to call in British troops. What caused the riot was a PPP compulsory savings plan that hit urban workers but had little effect on East Indian merchants or farmers. This January the compulsory savings plan was declared unconstitutional by the Guianan Supreme Court. Last summer, an attempt by the PPP government to pass legislation giving it power to reorganize some labor unions as official bargaining agents but not others, led to a general strike by the urban unions which paralyzed the colony for more than two months. The trade unions got financial and other support from the AFL-CIO, while Jagan brought in Cubans to staff the struck airlines. When his government seemed about to fall, the Guiana Import and Export Agency, which handles all trade with Cuba and Soviet-bloc countries, came to the rescue with its purchases from Communist countries. (At its present rate of growth, GIMPEX will soon be the largest business concern in British Guiana.) In the end, the PPP had to withdraw its bill.

The 1962 and 1963 disturbances highlight the contradiction in the PPP's role in Guianan politics. While the socialist PNC is supported by urban workers and the unemployed, groups whose long-range interests will be best served by radical reform, the pro-Communist PPP is supported by basically conservative farmers and merchants. There are persistent stories that Moslem elements in the PPP are becoming disillusioned with the party's pro-Communist doctrines. Ideologically, the PPP leadership is at variance with the class interests of its followers.

Charles C. Moskos Jr.

Mr. Moskos *is a research sociologist at UCLA who last visited British Guiana in January.*

Peace Proposal

A Kashmir Settlement May Now Be Possible

A new situation has arisen in the Security Council of the United Nations toward the dispute between India and Pakistan over Kashmir, the Himalayan territory, with its famous valley that India effectively controls but which Pakistan invaded almost 20 years ago and still claims. The essence of the new situation in the UN is that the US has withdrawn from its protective role toward Pakistan, because of Pakistan's current flirtation with China, while the Soviet Union has simultaneously withdrawn from *its* protective role toward India. A long-term consequence conceivably could be that India and Pakistan might be brought to accept the existence of a genuinely independent Kashmir, in whose maintenance however both countries would have a stake; both might pledge themselves to the joint defense of Ladakh, the icy region of Kashmir that is most open to any threat of outside aggression.

The last debate on Kashmir in the UN Security Council was adjourned without a vote, but with a readiness that was revealing. Both Britain and the US were relieved by the adjournment from the embarrassment of finding themselves placed between the appeals of an ally, Pakistan, and the entreaties of India, a vital friend. Soviet Russia and Czechoslovakia, hitherto strong supporters of India in the dispute, had their delegates confine themselves to mild and colorless remarks that had Indians rubbing their eyes in hurt amazement when they read them. While the Russian delegate did say that "the position of the Soviet Union

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is that the question of who owns Kashmir has already been settled by the people of Kashmir," he admitted in his very next sentence that the dispute between India and Pakistan was still unresolved. It has hitherto been the Soviet position, in support of India's stand, that there is no juridical dispute at all and therefore no need for discussion by the Security Council. Taking an entirely neutral stand, the Czech delegate said that Czechoslovakia was India's good friend, but that relations with Pakistan had improved lately. Both countries worked ceaselessly for two weeks to avoid a vote being taken. For several years now, India has relied on a Soviet veto in the Security Council in regard to Kashmir: to the delight of India, and to the annoyance of others, no resolution has escaped this roadblock. That has been the state of affairs ever since the formation of the Southeast Asian Treaty Organization (SEATO), which Pakistan joined but which India as well as Russia opposed.

Soviet anxiety to side with India over Kashmir has waned in proportion as Russia's cold war with the West has abated, and the Sino-Soviet quarrel has grown more threatening. And, as Pakistan has appeared to move away from SEATO and even to move toward China, there has been a perceptible shift in the US stand, away from Pakistan. The debate in the Security Council indicated that the interposition of China has actually helped to establish some common ground between the US and the USSR. Both countries talked about the usefulness of direct negotiations between Pakistan and India. Neither denied that a dispute existed. Both however suggested that the sheer passage of time was a factor that could no longer be ignored, in interpreting old resolutions that had come forward for discussion by the Security Council. This last attitude was, for Russia, nothing new: the Soviet Union has been saying for years that time has eroded the utility of the proposal to take a plebiscite in Kashmir, as demanded by Pakistan. But recognition of the time factor appeared to be a new realization by the US, and perhaps even a US move toward the Soviet stand. Russia reciprocated by recognizing that the dispute between Pakistan and India was not to be considered closed on juridical grounds, but continues to exist. No longer willing to give exclusive attention to India, the Soviet Union seems anxious now to take Pakistani susceptibilities into account, perhaps fearing a growing intimacy between Pakistan and China.

On the US, the effect of the Pakistani flirtation with Peking is different. It irritates the US government, which first tried to dissuade Pakistan from approaching the Security Council at all this time, and when this advice was disregarded, stayed relatively aloof from the Council's proceedings.

Soviet "protection" of India in the Kashmir dispute and American partiality toward Pakistan may have been the chief impediments to a settlement of the dispute. It caused Pakistan for a while to lean on her Western allies and not seek a settlement with India, and likewise it produced a climate of cozy inertia in India, with the result that neither country did any constructive thinking about their Kashmir quarrel, but rather leaned on their respective backers, who happened to be cold war antagonists. Both countries forgot that, in international affairs, there is no such thing as a permanent friend. After growling at each other for years in the Security Council, to everyone's annoyance and fatigue, India and Pakistan seem to have been put on notice by the US and Russia: "We have held the Kashmir baby for years but it is a cry baby; we may not be able to hold it for you much longer." For the first time in the long history of the dispute, the burden of a solution was placed squarely on the two disputing parties and on nobody else.

Left to themselves, India and Pakistan might find that the way out of their quarrel lies neither in India holding on to the Vale of Kashmir nor in Pakistan acquiring it. The answer may be one which many Kashmiris support: the creation of a viable and self-governing Vale, with its viability and its independence guaranteed by both India and Pakistan. Under such an arrangement, Pakistan would doubtless retain certain areas, and India would retain part of the province of Jammu, while Ladakh, enjoying internal autonomy but federated with Kashmir, would need to be jointly defended by both India and Pakistan. It would seem that Ladakh might be a fit laboratory for developing in India and in Pakistan a sense of joint responsibility from which closer relations between them might later develop. The independence of the valley itself would also have to be guaranteed by India and Pakistan, and perhaps by the UN as a whole, as well; the UN might be asked to retain an observer force there for an agreed number of years. The valley would in those circumstances be a neutralized area, without an Army but with an overseeing UN commission, and open to both sides for investment and trade as well as open to visitors. The area's economic development could be jointly assisted by India and Pakistan. Many variants of this sketched-out plan are of course possible.

But any solution probably must involve sacrifices by both India and Pakistan, and must approximate at least to the (often unexpressed) wishes of the inhabitants of Kashmir, who deserve to be extricated from the jaws of a dispute which is at the same time doing neither India nor Pakistan any good.

H. R. VOHRA

MR. VOHRA *is the correspondent in Washington of the* Times of India.

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1914-1964

Remarks on the Occasion of this Journal's 50th Year

On the evening of March 5, over 500 friends and readers of The New Republic *gathered at dinner in Washington, D. C., to celebrate five decades of publication. Those present so enjoyed the proceedings, we print here for the benefit of the absent what was said. Before calling upon the principal speakers, the toastmaster, Mr. Bill Mauldin, presented Ambassador Adlai E. Stevenson ("the Rolls Royce of political candidates"), who responded with a brief tribute to the magazine's "major contribution to the thought – the liberal thought – of the past two generations of this country." Mr. Mauldin then turned to his introduction of one of* The New Republic's *first editors, Mr. Walter Lippmann.*

BILL MAULDIN

A man as distinguished as Walter Lippmann should be unbearable. But he has several qualities which endear him to the rest of us from the newspaper business. Probably the nicest thing of all about him is that he is sometimes wrong. Very few important commentators can make this claim. Most of them carry conditions and qualifications like a pilot wears a parachute, and while you never find them colliding with mountains, you never see them moving mountains either. Walter Lippmann's journalistic career has covered the careers of 10 Presidents. When you consider that every one of these Presidents – at least those of them who could read – has read and has been influenced by Mr. Lippmann, you begin to realize what a cumulative impact he has had on our times. In spite of all this, and in spite of the fact that he doesn't call on Presidents – they call on him, he's managed to avoid being an inside man at the White House. According to an essay written in 1959 by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. (who is present here tonight), Mr. Lippmann has managed to stay clear of personal involvements with politicians ever since he fell out with Theodore Roosevelt over Wilson's Mexican policy. A commentator, says Schlesinger, can no more enjoy friendship with a statesman than a dramatic critic can with a leading lady. There's a third quality which I think I ought to mention about Mr. Lippmann: he not only avoids being Olympian most of the time, but he can get positively salty. He has taken out after Barry Goldwater like St. John after a gila monster. (Those of you who don't know Arizona as well as I know it, should look up gila monster – it's indigenous to Arizona and certain parts of Mexico.) The battle is joined, and we all anxiously await the outcome. Mr. Lippmann.

WALTER LIPPMANN

I suppose I should take some kind of notice of the fact that I am the last of the original editors of *The New Republic* who is still at large. I've decided that there is no reason to be self-conscious about a natural event

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which I have no more reason to boast of than if, by seniority, I had become Chairman of a Standing Committee of the Senate. I'm sure that the last dodo had no feeling about being the last dodo and was quite calm about his unique position. But then, of course, he didn't know he was the last dodo. However, it's rather easy for me to take all this in my stride, because in recent years, I've had a good deal of training and practice in attending fiftieth anniversaries. I have learned a number of useful things about them. For one thing, they always come sooner than you expect them to come. When they do come, they are never so bad as you thought they were going to be. And while there is no solution to the problem of how to postpone fiftieth anniversaries, like many another problem in this pernickety world, we can learn to live with it.

One thing I shall do to mark the occasion – I shall do it because I want to do it, and perhaps because I'm the only person who can do it. I want to say that if the original editors were reading *The New Republic* today, as it has become under the editorship of Gilbert Harrison, they would regard it as the fulfillment of their hopes. For what they hoped for was a journal of unopinionated opinion – one that would be informed, disinterested, compassionate and brave. I would like to remind you of two facts about the founding of this journal. One is that Dorothy and Willard Straight, working with Herbert Croly, started out originally to found not another weekly magazine but some kind of school, perhaps a university to be located in Washington and to be devoted to education for the public service. I was not in this original partnership and I do not know, though Mrs. Elmhirst, whom I'm happy to see here tonight would know, how this school or university came to be transformed into a journal of opinion. In any event, the purposes which inspired the founding of *The New Republic* were not partisan. To be sure, all of us had been supporters of Theodore Roosevelt's Progressive Movement in 1912. But in 1916, we were supporting Woodrow Wilson, after Theodore Roosevelt had, as we felt, unfairly and unwisely attacked Wilson. Our purpose was not partisan, factional, personal, or ideological; it was educational. And the attitude of this journal toward affairs was to be that of the scholar seeking the truth no matter whom it hurts or whom it helps.

The way the paper came to be named reinforces what I am saying. During the winter of 1913, when we were planning and organizing the paper, at dinners at the Players' Club in Gramercy Park in New York, we were all agreed that we wanted to call it *The Republic*. We hoped that it would have something like the influence and the eminence of *The Nation* when Godkin was the editor. It never occurred to us to use the word "new" which we were all of us rather bored with after the 1912 election when Roosevelt proposed The New Nationalism and Wilson the New Freedom. But when our lawyers set out to register the title, they discovered that there existed already a weekly *Republic*. It was published in Boston by a popular politician who was celebrated nationally because he sang "Sweet Adeline" at political meetings. The name of the publisher of the *Republic* was John Fitzgerald. So that is why and how this paper became *The New Republic*.

The point of all this is that the paper was meant to be what it now is – the organ of no party, of no faction, of no sect, and of no cause, concerned not with liberalism and progressivism and conservatism as ideologies, but with all of them in the prospective of the tradition of civility in our Western society. This is not the only kind of journalism by any means. There is need and there is room for advocacy and for causes and for parties and for ideologies. But this particular kind of journalism, of which the touchstone is the civilized tradition itself, is an interesting kind of journalism for the journalist, and, one must hope, for the readers. So I've always been grateful to the Straights and to Herbert Croly and to the old board of editors, and to Alvin Johnson who joined us early on, and to Walter Weyl and Philip Littell and Francis Hackett for the honor and pleasure of having worked with them and for having started me off headed in what I am confident was a good direction for a young journalist to take.

MAULDIN

To the old question "What is Art?" I've only heard two answers I like. One is: art is revision (the only reservation I have about that one is that editors like it too). And the other is that art is communication. A man wants to say something that is very important to him, and he uses the medium in which he can best express himself. I don't know where Ben Shahn stands on the subject of television, but I know he is a very powerful communicator. After Andrew Wyeth was awarded the Freedom Medal recently, Mr. Frank Getlein suggested in a *New Republic* article that Ben Shahn ought to get it next. Getlein said that "it would have some of the overtones of the Fermi Award given to Dr. Oppenheimer, a belated governmental apology for idiocies perpetrated against genius." Then he goes on to say: "But it is the nature of Shahn's genius rather than the circumstances of his bearing the brunt of militant ignorance that recommends such an award. In work after work, for decades, he has sought to discover, to enhance and to defend American Freedom. From Sacco and Vanzetti to the Japanese fishermen of the *Lucky Dragon*, he has memorialized the victims of injustice and thus recalled the inflicting society to its basic commitment. He has done so in no pedestrian, socialist realism, didactic ways, but by a poetic and personal use of the resources of abstraction. In an age where the artist is more or less professionally tongue-tied, Shahn has

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constantly engaged in a speaking and teaching effort, representing art to his society."

BEN SHAHN

Mr. S. J. Perelman wrote some time ago, and I quote him: "An old subscriber of *The New Republic* am I – prudent, meditative and rigidly impartial. I am the man who reads those six-part exposés of the Southern utilities empire, savoring each dark peculation. Weekly I stroll the *couloirs* of the House and Senate with TRB, aghast at legislative folly. Every now and again, I take issue in the correspondence pages with Kenneth Burke or Malcolm Cowley on some knotty point of esthetics."

The New Republic has for more years than I would like to remember, but nevertheless do remember, been a careful student and judge of whatever esthetic trends or aberrations have been dominant at any given period. It has, I must confess, from time to time been an intrepid spokesman for some of these aberrations, even though today its art criticism is the most astute I know of anywhere. (An esthetic aberration, I ought to admit in any kind of fairness, is any deviation from the clear true path of esthetic rightness – that is, someone else's opinion that's counter to mine.) But *The New Republic*, whether it may have been in the pro or con stage of esthetic rightness, has consistently performed a great service toward art; that is, in its quiet recognition of the fact that art does belong on the pages of a mainly political journal. I am in fullest agreement with this point of view, believing as I do that artists are superb political theorists, and that if our services had been solicited, the country would have been many steps in advance of where it is today.

Consider Vietnam. Any dunce could see the folly of our tactics in that country. The people there have about as much will to power as a basket full of hungry kittens. They don't seem to care anything about freedom, even when force is applied, and that leaves us in a terribly embarrassing position. Why weren't the artists asked? What would we have done? Well, first we would have sent over a corps of Zen Buddhists of whom we have a good supply. They would have understood those recalcitrant wards of ours much better than have the military. We could have backed up the action with a fleet of battleships loaded with rice and thus helped save helicopters, ammunition, weed killer, and face. Indeed, our government might have taken a cue from the interesting use made by the Vietnamese of the first technological aid that we sent to them: it consisted in part, I guess, of some thousands of spools of many-colored nylon-wrapped wires of a highly specialized kind for electronic use. The people saw the possibilities in the wire and promptly set about putting it to use. They braided and twisted it with exquisite skill, turning it into hundreds of little dragons, tigers and gods of great beauty. And these objects could be bought on the streets of Saigon for a few *sous* apiece. You might have thought that the artists had actually gotten in there and were already working with the people, but that was not the case. It was their own idea, and a very good one, too.

Now, for some four or five years it has been apparent that trouble has been brewing for Our Side in Indonesia as well as in Saigon. And what will we do there? Of course we'll follow in our own footsteps. And that's to say, having learned our know-how in Vietnam, we will proceed along the established lines in these islands and other small, out-of-the-way places. It is too bad that the artist will not be consulted in time to prevent bloodshed. We could wean the local folk away from any and all dictators without wasting a round of ammunition. How? It's very simple. First, we will set up in these steaming equatorial islands a network of frozen custard stands from which we will dispense the icy delicacy free-of-charge to all comers, setting aside, of course, a decent amount for their gods. This stratagem will not only remedy the immediate problem of starvation which is, I'm sure, the key to all Asiatic politics, but it will profoundly endear us to the carnival-loving inhabitants. We can then solidify our gains by a very practical measure of marketing the chief produce of that country, which is art. For nowhere in the world, I'm sure, are there so many sculptors at work as there are on these islands. Nowhere on earth is woodcarving carried on with so much skill. Nowhere is there such a profusion of painting produced daily, such beauty of hand-dyed silks and cottons, such exquisite workmanship in objects of silver and gold. Nowhere, except in the immediate adjoining countries, is there so rich a tradition in dance and public storytelling and music. There is sufficient art produced in the Indonesian archipelago to supply worldwide markets, and perhaps even to remove from these gentle people the threat of progress, via heavy industry. I submit this sample set of political notions to *The New Republic* in the utmost humility and in appreciation of its 50 years of unflagging attention to our equally snarled esthetic problems.

MAULDIN

What impresses me most about Paul Douglas is that he joined the Marines at the age of 50. I joined the Army at the age of 18 and after three weeks I decided that this was a young man's game, and I was too old for it, and everybody knows that Marine bootcamp is a lot tougher than Army basic training. Something else I respect him for is that he is a constant source of pain and bafflement to the anti-liberals of the nation. He doesn't fit their favorite patterns at all. He is a liberal who hates to see taxpayers' money wasted. He's a liberal anti-Com-

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munist. He's a hard-boiled egghead. He's a national as well as an Illinois Senator, a practical man who sat up nights worrying about the White House electrical bill long, long before President Johnson pulled the switch.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

As one who has subscribed to the magazine from its very first issue, throughout this half century, I hope I may be pardoned if I indulge in a few personal reminiscences about the magazine and the influence which it has had upon me, and I believe upon my generation and the two generations which have followed.

There were many of us who awaited the initial issue in 1914 with bated breath. There was a new wind blowing in the intellectual life of the country for which there was no coherent voice. The muckraking magazines such as *McClure, Everybody's* and *Hampton's* had done their great work in arousing and informing the conscience of the country, but for one reason or another had passed on. *The Nation*, under the editorship of Paul Elmer Moore, had become a journal for highly-conservative professors of literature and seemed to be gasping out its last breath.

The East had scornfully rejected Populism and Bryanism but the more youthfully-minded were beginning to have second thoughts about the old political and economic shibboleths. The Progressive Movement, headed by La Follette of Wisconsin, and that unappreciated genius William S. U'Ren of Oregon was gaining ground. Roosevelt's New Nationalism and Wilson's New Freedom both called for affirmative action by the federal government, and Wilson's first year and a half in office resulted in an unprecedented burst of legislation – unprecedented until the hundred days of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The tariff was greatly reduced, the Federal Reserve System established, competition strengthened, agricultural credits extended, and more seemed to be coming. The philosophical justification for using the government as a creative force in man's activities which appealed to us young fellows of 1913 and '14 were Herbert Croly's *The Promise of American Life*, and young Walter Lippmann's *Preface to Politics* and his *Drift and Mastery*. We, indeed, regarded Mr. Lippmann as the *Wunderkind* of American political writers. In the words of Wordsworth, "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, while to be young was heaven."

But there was no journal to relate all this to the swift-flowing current of events and to give meaning and cohesion to the sporadic efforts of society. Mr. Lippmann has given the early history of *The New Republic*, much better than I could – and from the inside – and it is interesting that he should correct what obviously was a misunderstanding on my part. I had thought that the paper was originally to have been called *The New World*, and upon discovering that this was also the title of the archdiocesan paper of Chicago, the title was changed to *The New Republic*. (Incidentally, this was also plagiarism, because the title *New Republic* had been chosen by Mr. W. H. Mallock of England as the term to describe a society which should be governed by both a moneyed and feudal aristocracy.) When *The New Republic* appeared in November, 1914, the European war had been under way for three months, and no one knew what the future held. Many of us felt, if I may quote a Victorian again, that we were indeed "living between two worlds – one dead, the other powerless to be born."

I shall never forget that first issue. Like thousands of other Americans, I can remember how eagerly we anticipated it. I was telling my wife tonight how I could still almost feel the sensation I had then when, as a student at Columbia, I ripped off the brown paper cover, my hands trembling with eagerness to see what was inside. There were my favorites – Lippmann and Croly with Walter Weyl and three people I'd never heard of before: Francis Hackett, Philip Littell and Charlotte Rudyard. I imagine Charlotte Rudyard, like most women, did the real work of editing – and received no credit for it. I read that first issue with enthusiasm and this habit has continued now, I must confess very sadly, for 50 years.

In those days when I was trying to establish myself in the teaching profession, I lived in cities on the Pacific Coast and in small towns in the Middle West and in New England. Then I had the good fortune to come to Chicago and become immersed in the life of that great city. This personal acquaintanceship with the wide sweep of American life was a thrilling experience. I became a believer in provincialism, but, I hope, a non-parochial and cultivated provincialism.

During those years, the two windows through which one could look out upon the great world were *The New Republic* and *The Manchester Guardian*. I suppose those of us who read these journals through the years were those who are now somewhat derisively described as "knee-jerk liberals." If this is true, we will accept the appellation and simply say that our reaction was against injustice and was not unthinking.

I want, therefore, to express very simply my indebtedness to *The New Republic* and to its editors and contributors. They have done great work through the decades in giving a depth to the discussion of public issues. Not only was this true under Croly and Lippmann but later under Bruce Bliven and Alvin Johnson and always and especially the inimitable TRB. The magazine has raised the standard of literary taste with its great succession of literary and artistic writers, beginning with Hackett, Littell and going on to Stark Young and Robert Morse Lovett, Edmund Wilson and on into

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the present generation. But, most of all. I want to thank the noble men and women who, in the background have borne the heavy deficits and enabled the work to go on. They have served the generations well and handsomely and have done so both modestly and quietly. Thank you, dear friends, and may we of *The New Republic* family show our gratitude and share your burden by promoting its circulation. I'm told you've reached a circulation of 100,000. Let us help to raise it to 200,000.

MAULDIN

Professor C. Vann Woodward is one of the most distinguished historians in the country. He's taught and lectured at the University of Florida, the University of Virginia, Scripps College, Johns Hopkins, Harvard, the University of Chicago, Louisiana State, the University of London, and Oxford. He's now Sterling Professor of History at Yale and if academies gave out campaign ribbons, he would have fruit salad on his chest to rival that of General Curtis LeMay himself. Professor Woodward is a specialist on the South and his books on that subject include *Origins of the New South, Reunion and Reaction, The Strange Career of Jim Crow* and *The Burden of Southern History*. At some point during all this, Professor Woodward found time to serve three years in the Navy during World War II, and he squeezed out a book about that too, called *The Battle for Leyte Gulf*.

C. VANN WOODWARD

We celebrate an anniversary in which we can take considerable pride and confidence. For half a century, *The New Republic* has scored up a wonderful and distinguished record of achievements. In the midst of this anniversary, we are reminded that it coincides rather closely with some other anniversaries that we are not able to celebrate with as much pride and confidence. I have in mind the approaching tenth anniversary of the Brown Decision of May, 1954, on segregated public schools, as well as the recent centennial of the Emancipation and the approaching centennial of Reconstruction and its century-old and unfulfilled promises of equality in civil rights. These anniversaries will scarcely be one of fulfillment – they leave too much unfulfilled.

At a glance around the contemporary scene, we turn up other grounds for disenchantment with present conditions – deeds of American violence that have shocked the world in recent months, too recently to need recalling; misadventures abroad and scandals at home have encouraged revulsion against the present.

I've noticed a tendency among individuals who have passed their fiftieth birthdays to look back on the good old days. More than an individual trait, I think there is a prevailing, paradoxical tendency of the modern mind to side with the past against the present when there is any significant comparison involved. Noting this tendency, Richard Hofstadter recently remarked that it is a poor intellectual nowadays who cannot show you in almost unbearable detail how much worse things are today – spiritually, culturally, politically – than in some vaguely delineated but always superior yesterday. Before taking a peek into the next decade, I should like to glance back into some of those superior yesterdays in the annals of *The New Republic's* history.

We are reminded that the magazine's first issue coincided with the outbreak of World War I and the beginning of our time of troubles. In its tenderest years, it witnessed the most ignoble defilement of American ideals of civil liberties and civil rights in our history. Its fifth anniversary in 1919 coincided with the Palmer Raids and peak of the Red scare. Its tenth anniversary saw the crest of Ku Klux Klan movement. Its fifteenth coincided with the Big Crash – in 1929. Its twentieth was the low point of the depression, the peak of unemployment. Its twenty-fifth coincided with the outbreak of World War II. Its fortieth came with the high-water mark of McCarthyism.

In the good old days of *The New Republic's* first decade, an average of 57 Negroes were lynched per year, bringing the total up to well above 1,500 for the century by and before the first quarter of it was ended. Race riots, 25 of them in one year, broke out in many parts of the country. One in Chicago lasted 13 days, left 38 dead, over 500 hospitalized, and over 1,000 Negro families with their homes burned down over their heads. Race wars raged in Washington, D. C. for days; one in Tulsa destroyed millions of dollars in property. Segregation, anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, nativism spread unchecked in those years.

A hard look at the good old days of the past might help to put the present and the future in clearer perspective. Anyone who preaches complacency, especially in the presence of *The New Republic*, and especially in these days had better have his head examined. I'm not preaching complacency of any sort, but I am contesting what I think is an occasional apocalyptic mood of despair and defeatism that too often pops up in present day discourse on the subject of civil rights. Given the distance we have come in the last half-century, and granting the low point at which we started, I think the prospect is not all that bad. I tend, in fact, to agree, with John Roche, Chairman of the ADA, that by all standards of historical evidence, civil liberties and civil rights have a meaning in contemporary American life which never existed in the past. We are not, I think, going to eliminate racial discrimination in the next decade. And we may endure as much violence in the coming decade as we have in the last. We may lose a good many battles, but I feel better

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about the outcome of the war. The chances of gain and the prospects for genuine advance look better to me than they have in any previous decade of American history – at least in prospect. I hope they do in fulfillment.

MAULDIN

Justice Arthur Goldberg, who is here tonight, had been a great Secretary of Labor and his shoes could not be filled – a fact that was carefully concealed from William Willard Wirtz until he was sworn into the job. After that, he had no choice but to do the impossible and he did it. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Secretary Wirtz is that he takes his title seriously and thinks everybody should be working, or going to school. A phrase came to me tonight – I'm not at liberty to divulge the source – "The drip, drip, drip, drip of the dropouts." To Secretary Wirtz, that is an extremely excruciating version of the Chinese water torture. Nobody is sure yet what the new Administration is going to be called, but whatever it is called, he will undoubtedly be one of its leading ornaments.

SECRETARY W. WILLARD WIRTZ

I was sure there would be something said on behalf of the dropouts, for my research reveals that Bill Mauldin's departure from the Phoenix Union High School was, to say the least, hurried; that it had something to do with putting a cigarette in the mouth of the skeleton in the biology lab; and that although this happened in 1939, the offense was considered so serious that Bill's diploma was held up until 1945.

Paul Douglas stands before you as a man who used to rip off the cover of *The New Republic* in the eagerness of his anticipation. In a small town in Illinois 30 years ago I used to rip the cover off too – before anybody else saw what I was reading.

It's hardly equal time after reading *The New Republic* for over 30 years to be rationed to five minutes in reply.

I would, in all seriousness, rather be here tonight than any place else (except home) I have ever been, or any other place I expect to be. You and I can well note that we're going to greet each other throughout our lives with a very simple question of, "Were you there that night?"

My instructions are not to look back at all tonight but to look ahead.

I see the future more clearly in the soft lantern light of faith, than I do in the glaring headlight of reason. Eternity has already shrunk, in the illumination of logic, to a matter of just a few minutes: that little time that can run while man continues to live one single spark away from ultimate destruction, his knowledge of power daily outstripping his wisdom about how to use it, and with more and more of democracy's decision-makers knowing less and less about what they are deciding.

To care about the future only as it will see the ascendency of human over material values is to watch with a fascination that fights against fear a generation of machines maturing as no generation of human beings ever has – so that at any moment now some clanking robot is going to pull itself erect and announce to the world: *Cogito, ergo sum.*

We take, nevertheless, the brief against that kind of reason, the brief for faith and for the future. Children of unfathomable mystery, surrounded still by secrets that dwarf to insignificance what is so far known, we have no basis – unless the premise be taken as itself the conclusion – for asserting that only what can be proved is true.

The only dangers, except for cataclysmic accident, are that we will build our syllogisms too much from experience and too little from our vision; that we will forget that the "inevitable is only what we don't resist" and the unattainable only what we don't attempt; that we will stumble and fall on the sword of our own stupidity.

It is not the stupidity of the ignorant that threatens so much, but the stupidity of the successful – the successful who seek to protect their petty conceits behind Maginot lines of race, religion or geography; content with little innovations of a dubious piety, fighting change because the status quo has been good to them.

The divine right of the successful is as false a notion as the divine right of kings.

We look ahead tonight, then, knowing that the future is still infinite if we will just stretch our minds far enough and fast enough to keep ideas abreast of ideals; if we will reassess, under technology's pressures, the revolutionary new relationship between war and peace and between work and leisure; if we will seize the sense of the future that will let us stand on a clear night and look up at a heaven full of more stars than the number of all the men and women who have ever lived, and realize that those stars are now very close to our reach and are part of our children's future.

If I am because I think, I will be because I believe – even if only in the Grand Mystery of it all, and that is worth the eternal quest.

But that search is not wisely, or even safely undertaken alone. Free minds need the testing of free minds, by critics who are not common scolds, by wasps with a sense of humor, and by those who, while starting "little insurrections in the realm of conviction," nevertheless believe in more than disbelief.

So it is that we here will continue to depend upon the editors of *The New Republic* – we, who would push reason beyond reason to faith – in a future.

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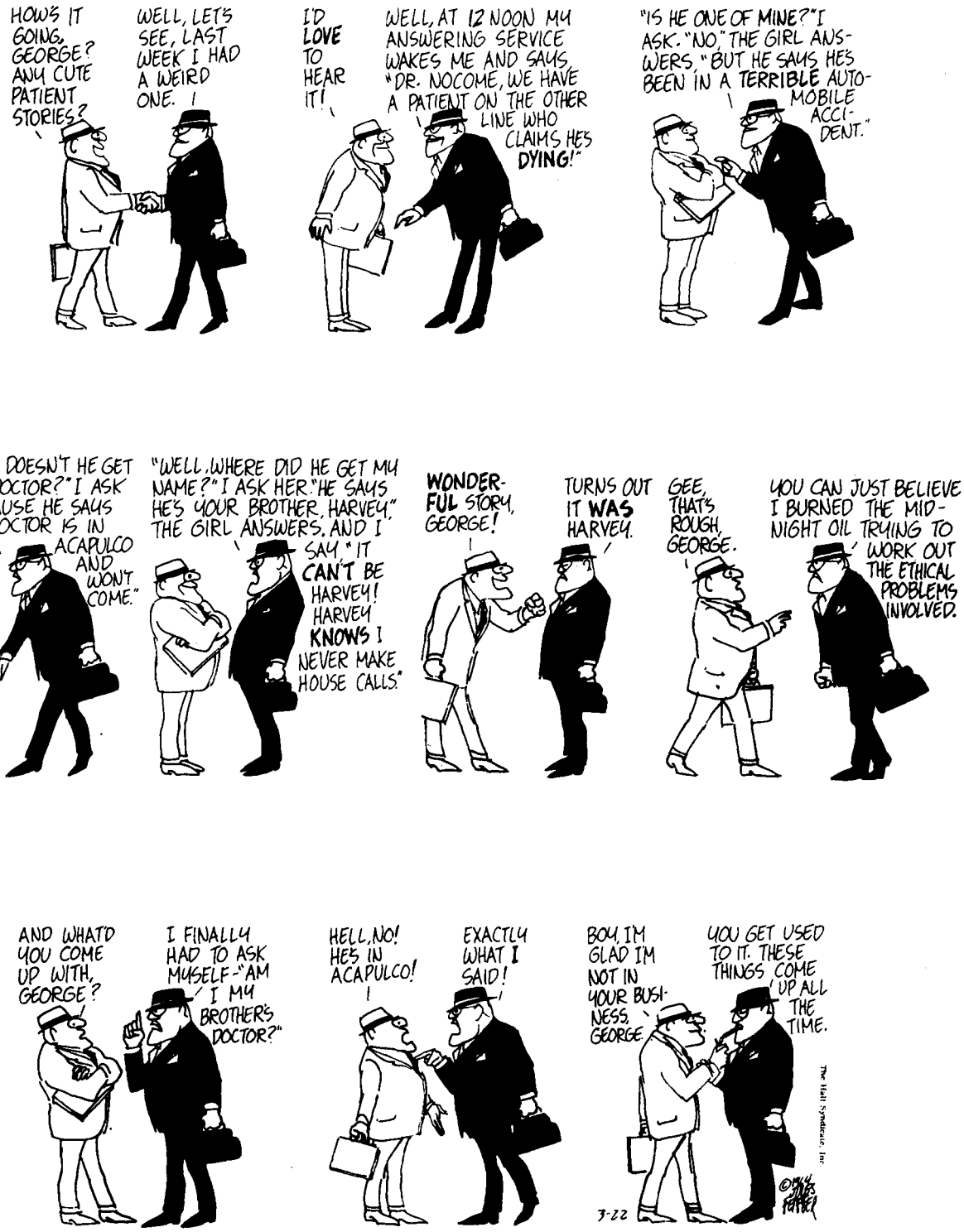
JULES FEIFFER


HOW'S IT GOING, GEORGE? ANY CUTE PATIENT STORIES?
WELL, LET'S SEE, LAST WEEK I HAD A WEIRD ONE.
I'D LOVE TO HEAR IT!
WELL, AT 12 NOON MY ANSWERING SERVICE WAKES ME AND SAYS, "DR. NOCOME, WE HAVE A PATIENT ON THE OTHER LINE WHO CLAIMS HE'S DYING!"
"IS HE ONE OF MINE?" I ASK. "NO," THE GIRL ANSWERS, "BUT HE SAYS HE'S BEEN IN A TERRIBLE AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT."
"WELL, WHY DOESN'T HE GET HIS OWN DOCTOR?" I ASK HER. "BECAUSE HE SAYS HIS OWN DOCTOR IS IN ACAPULCO AND WON'T COME."
"WELL, WHERE DID HE GET MY NAME?" I ASK HER. "HE SAYS HE'S YOUR BROTHER, HARVEY," THE GIRL ANSWERS. AND I SAY, "IT CAN'T BE HARVEY! HARVEY KNOWS I NEVER MAKE HOUSE CALLS."
WONDERFUL STORY, GEORGE!
TURNS OUT IT WAS HARVEY.
GEE, THAT'S ROUGH, GEORGE.
YOU CAN JUST BELIEVE I BURNED THE MIDNIGHT OIL TRYING TO WORK OUT THE ETHICAL PROBLEMS INVOLVED.
AND WHAT'D YOU COME UP WITH, GEORGE?
I FINALLY HAD TO ASK MYSELF - "AM I MY BROTHER'S DOCTOR?"
HELL, NO! HE'S IN ACAPULCO!
EXACTLY WHAT I SAID!
BOY, I'M GLAD I'M NOT IN YOUR BUSINESS, GEORGE.
YOU GET USED TO IT. THESE THINGS COME UP ALL THE TIME.
3-22
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The Life of Trotsky

by Irving Howe

Simply as a biography, *The Prophet Outcast*, which completes Isaac Deutscher's three-volume life of Trotsky, is a masterful performance. One cannot imagine that in the next few decades there will be another life of Trotsky as full and authoritative as this one. Deutscher's research, including the first thorough use of the Trotsky archives at Harvard, has been prodi-

The Prophet Outcast
by Isaac Deutscher
(Oxford; $9.50)

gious; his knowledge of the anti-Stalinist European left between the two World Wars is expert; his writing, though a bit too florid for my taste, is in the grand style, full of those sweeping rhetorical effects available to the historian who is conscious of the heroic possibilities of his subject. Deutscher succeeds in making seem relevant the ideological inquiries and disputes which occupied a large portion of Trotsky's time during the thirties; he does not succumb to the "pragmatism" of those American historians who like to suppose that the thought of a European Marxist can be dismissed merely for the reason that it is encased in a forbidding vocabulary.

Yet the very perspective of sympathy which provides Deutscher with enormous advantages as a biographer creates for him serious difficulties as a historian. He lacks intellectual detachment. He lapses into veiled polemics against other writers, especially those on the democratic left, with whose views he disagrees. Frequently he comes forth as a partisan concerned to vindicate his own theories about Stalinism, theories he assimilates much too easily to Trotsky's thought.

Now in itself, such special pleading might not cause any great difficulties, since passion may serve a book of this kind better than detachment. But one fears that many readers, overawed by Deutscher's scholarly credentials, may not make sufficient allowance for the fact that in the political drama which he depicts, he is himself a committed actor. And a good deal more troubling is the intellectual nature and quality of Deutscher's polemics: the fact that his version of Trotsky's thought – which I think Trotsky himself would either have repudiated or sharply modified – is indeed that "discreetly veiled apology for Stalin (and even more for Stalin's heirs)" which George Lichtheim has recently declared it to be. But for the moment, let us put aside the ideological aspects of the book and glance at its high distinction as biographical narrative.

Among sophisticated American intellectuals of the past several decades, for whom moral excellence had a way of collapsing into a cozy Biedermeyer moralism, it became fashionable to say that Trotsky had yielded himself totally to his historical role and thereby disastrously suppressed the values of personal life. Deutscher's biography shows how inadequate and often unfair this judgment is. To be sure, in the nature of the political existence enforced upon, or chosen by, the European revolutionaries of the 20th Century, something of the kind charged by Trotsky's critics had to occur – but to say this and nothing more is to risk a righteous philistinism. Deutscher, who is immune to the intellectual fashions of the United States, treats Trotsky as a public figure, one of the few in our times who managed, through intelligence and will, to mold the recalcitrant stuff of history; yet it is a special mark of the excellence of his book that he rejects the facile separation between public and private life. Deutscher's picture of Trotsky's final years – the desperate wanderings across Europe, the destruction of relatives and friends by the GPU, the promethean defiance of disaster and calumny – all this is the very stuff of high, personal drama. But it is a personal drama that takes on its enlarging and cautionary significance from the fact that it is inseparable from public life.

Reading Deutscher, one becomes convinced again of Trotsky's greatness, but flawed greatness: a man great in personal courage and intellectual resources, but flawed in self-recognition, in his final inability or refusal to scrutinize his own assumptions with the corrosive intensity he brought to those of his political contemporaries. The Trotsky who emerges at the end of *The Prophet Outcast* has been reduced to a human, an all too human, figure. He is nervous. He is subject to psychosomatic complaints. He alternates between periods of ferocious work and sluggish withdrawal. He feels guilty in regard to his children, all of whose lives, in one way or another, were sacrificed in the political struggle. He is afraid that he may die before finishing his revolutionary work. He is overcome by the incongruity between the magnitude of his political tasks and the impotence of his political means. He is aware, suddenly, that he is growing old ("Old age," he notes in his diary, "is the most unexpected of all the things that happen to a man.")

Yet at the same time he works with incomparable self-discipline and productivity. He abandons, when he deems it necessary, the crowning work of his life, an uncompleted biography of Lenin, to drudge at what he regards as the necessities of polemicizing against dissident comrades, replying to the assaults of Moscow, and writing books to support his household. Mr. Deutscher has understood that if the modern hero is to seem credible in his career and to involve us in the curve of his fate, he must first be shown in his

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personal – if you will, his "modern" – vulnerability. Yet the more human Trotsky comes to seem, the more does he finally emerge as an heroic figure.

Large sections of *The Prophet Outcast* are certain to move even those readers indifferent or antipathetic to Trotsky's ideas. Here is the story of the loving clash between Trotsky and his children: Zina, a daughter who suffered a breakdown under harassment in Russia, overwhelmed Trotsky with importunate letters, and finally committed suicide; Leon Sedov, a son remarkable for personal and intellectual loyalty, yet forced to bear the brunt of Trotsky's constant demands for greater energy in exposing the Moscow Trials, greater energy in publishing the Russian-language bulletin of the Opposition: energy forced and lashed to substitute the will of an isolated handful for the political movement that showed no sign of appearing. And towering over this doomed family stands Natalia, Trotsky's wife, a woman of resolute sweetness, in the line of the heroines of Turgenev.

Trotsky's persecution is described by Deutscher with harrowing detail. Here is the ugly story of the Sobolevicius-Senin brothers, later known in America as Dr. Robert Soblen and Jack Soble, who as Stalinist *agents provocateurs* wormed their way into Trotsky's circle during the early years of his exile. And then there is the still more successful GPU agent, Mark Zborowski, who under the pseudonym of Etienne enjoyed Trotsky's closest confidence, even to the point of having complete access to the correspondence between Trotsky and Sedov. (Years later this unsavory man, his past still hidden, was welcomed by the American academic community as co-author of a vivid "anthropological" study of the Jewish *shtetl* in eastern Europe.)

The book also includes pages of ghastly description about the final slaughter in the Siberian Arctic of those exiled Trotskyists who refused to recant or "confess" – weak and long-imprisoned, the Trotskyists at Vorkuta went on one last brilliant hunger-strike after which they were dragged out and murdered.

But there is another story, Shakespearian in quality, that I should like to repeat in detail. In 1936, when Trotsky was exiled in Norway, Trygve Lie, then Minister of Justice in the Norwegian government and later head of the United Nations, placed Trotsky under house arrest precisely at the moment that he was being called a "fascist agent" in the Moscow Trials. Under pressure from the Stalin regime, Lie insisted that Trotsky agree not to respond publicly to the Trials and also to submit his letters to censorship. "Twenty years later, eyewitnesses of the scene recalled the flash of scorn in Trotsky's eyes and the thunder of his voice as he refused to comply." Deutscher continues:

> "At this point, Trotsky raised his voice so that it resounded through the halls and corridors of the Ministry: 'This is your first act of surrender to Nazism in your own country. You will pay for this. You think yourselves secure and free to deal with a political exile as you please. But the day is near – remember this! – the day is near when the Nazis will drive you from your country, all of you . . .' Trygve Lie shrugged at this odd piece of soothsaying. Yet after less than four years the same government had indeed to flee from Norway before the Nazi invasion; and as the ministers and their aged King Haakon stood on the coast, huddled together and waiting anxiously for a boat that was to take them to England, they recalled with awe Trotsky's words as a prophet's curse come true."

In the political sections of *The Prophet Outcast*, Deutscher provides a full account of Trotsky's literary career and changing political theories, as well as of the debates that agitated the radical world during the past four or five decades. He is very strong in his appreciation of Trotsky's historical writings. ("Like Thucydides, Dante, Machiavelli, Heine, Marx, Herzen, and other thinkers and poets, Trotsky attained his full eminence as a writer only in exile, during the few Prinkipo years.") He is equally strong in his appreciation of Trotsky's polemical writings during the immediate pre-Hitler days when Trotsky applied his most biting wit to

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Deceptive normality"

"Most of the time, there is a deceptive normality about Xeros. Along its narrow, dusty streets, Greeks in baggy trousers and white cotton shirts laze away the humid days in front of cafés, drinking sweet dark coffee or the local ouzo, waving a welcome *kopiaste*—sit down with us and share—to the passing stranger. It is only when they listen to the radio and hear the government toll of the latest Turkish atrocities that their pistols begin to drag at the shape of their trouser pockets."

From a recent Newsweek story.
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argue for a united front of the German left parties against the threat of Hitlerism – at a time when the powerful German Communist Party was insanely declaring Social Democracy to be "the main enemy."

Where, as it seems to me, Deutscher does not establish sufficient intellectual distance from his subject is in his failure to discuss adequately, let alone to criticize fundamentally, Trotsky's persistent loyalty to the Bolshevik tradition. Trotsky's mind was a mixture of the flexible and the rigid: he was capable of innovation and risk, but only within the strict limits of Marxism. One could hardly have expected him to repudiate his life work; yet for a Marxist theoretician who so contemptuously swept aside the Stalinist pretexts for the suppression of political freedom, there might have been a stronger impetus to submit the early years of Bolshevism to the kind of objective critical study made possible by the historical distance he had gained and the inside knowledge he alone possessed. At the end of Trotsky's life, in his biography of Stalin, there are perhaps one or two signs that he had begun to feel some uneasiness about the Bolshevik heritage, but for the most part he continued to defend it to the very last. And so, at least in fundamentals, does Deutscher.

Where Deutscher stakes out his claim as an independent political theoretician is in regard to the social nature of the Stalinist and post-Stalinist state. He refuses to see in the Stalinist system a fundamental break from, or denial of, the socialist premises originally advanced by Lenin and Trotsky. While utterly hostile to the Stalinist terror, its forced collectivization and its rape of culture, he is driven by his relentless ideology to present the Communist state as in some sense "progressive." He believes that the Stalin dictatorship preserved and extended the "conquests" of the October Revolution; and in behalf of this theory he is free with historical analogies to the French and English revolutions, by means of which Stalin is compared to the revolutionary despots of the past who in corrupted form preserved the achievements of their idealistic predecessors. In the outlook which Deutscher shares with so many other and less shrewd "authoritarians of the left," the Stalinist regime thus becomes a tragic yet transient – a regrettable but perhaps unavoidable – episode in the building of "socialism," and Khrushchev is looked upon as a portent of the Soviet bureaucracy's gradual self-reform.

Emotionally, "humanly," Deutscher may be committed to Trotsky, but the force of his argument is to legitimatize Stalin as a despot who performed the cruel necessities of History. That Stalin's industrialization led to a new form of authoritarian collectivism, a repressive class society neither capitalist nor socialist, Deutscher does not countenance as a theoretical possibility.

The political outlook I have called "left authoritarianism" remains committed, with all sorts of hesitations and discomforts, to what it regards as the "essential" value of the Communist world. Usually this value is found in nationalized property, which is seen as an ultimate guarantor of progress. Where Marx spoke of "the categorical imperative that all conditions must be revolutionized in which man is a debased, an abandoned, a contemptible being," the left authoritarians prefer to speak of the tempo of Russian industrialization or the necessary unfolding of "the Iron Laws of History." Where socialists have traditionally declared the possibility of a humane society to rest upon the capacity of men to act autonomously and freely, ceasing to be objects and becoming subjects, the left authoritarians put their faith in economic development or in historical abstractions acting beyond – and often against – the desires of living men.

Those who accept the left authoritarian outlook expect an orderly development, a moderate "democratization," within the Communist world and within the limits of the ruling party's ethos and power. It follows that they should write of the 1956 east European revolutions as Deutscher in fact did: "The people of Hungary in a heroic frenzy tried unwittingly to put the clock back, while Moscow sought once again to wind up with the bayonet, or rather the tank, the broken clock of the Hungarian Communist revolution." The Hungarian struggle was seen by Deutscher as "unwittingly" a turning to the past; the Russian tanks, however brutal, as agencies of the future. No wonder he found small need to identify himself with those who fought against the tanks.

The whole issue is of the utmost political and moral significance, and here Trotsky, whatever the ambiguities of his theory of Stalinism, is radically at odds with Deutscher. At one point, in discussing an essay Trotsky wrote in 1939 full of fascinating speculations as to the future of humanity in case socialism failed and totalitarianism survived, Deutscher quotes Trotsky as saying, "It is self-evident that a new minimum program would be required – to defend the interests of the slaves of the totalitarian bureaucratic system." Deutscher then comments:

"The passage was characteristic of the man: if bureaucratic slavery was all that the future had in store for

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mankind, then he . . . would be on the side of the slaves and not of the new exploiters, however 'historically necessary' the new exploitation might be. Having lived all his life with the conviction that the advent of socialism was a scientifically established certainty and that history was on the side of those who struggled for the emancipation of the exploited and oppressed, he now entreated his disciples to remain on the side of the exploited . . . even if history and all scientific certainties were against them. He, at any rate, would be with Spartacus, not with Pompey and the Caesars."

A remarkable passage! And not merely for its tribute to Trotsky's identification with the oppressed, even if they be forever doomed to oppression, but still more for the clear implication that Deutscher, who has consistently upheld the "historical necessity" of regimes like those of Stalin, might not accompany Trotsky on the tortured path of Spartacus.

Deutscher's theory will surely prove to be popular in the coming years, even more so than it already is in certain left-wing European circles; for it seizes upon the authoritarian side of Trotsky's thought while dismissing the revolutionary-democratic side, and it yields to the abstraction of historical development or of technological progress those tasks which can be won only through conscious human struggle. Like many others, Deutscher suffers from a modern disease: the infatuation with History. He has not yet learned that devious and unpredictable as human history may be, History is a bitch.

This is the second section of a two-part essay on the European as Revolutionary. The first part, which reviewed Victor Serge's Memoirs of a Revolutionary, *appeared in the March 7 issue.*

News from the Tightrope

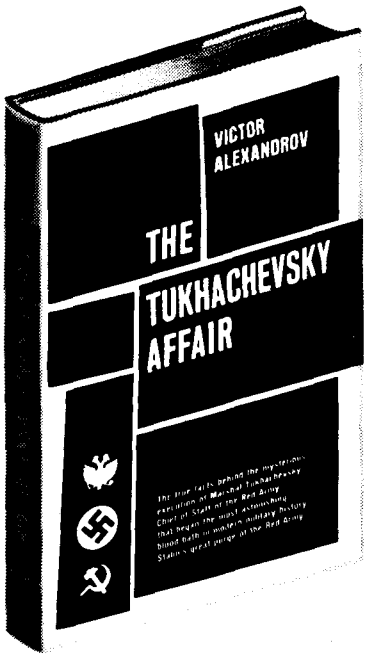
by Hilary Corke

There is nothing very astonishing in the spectacle of a man walking along a white chalk line on the floor. All right: now he is moving his left leg and now he is moving his right. And now he has got to the far wall. Fine! But turn the chalk-line into an iron bar six feet above the boards, and we begin to take notice. Put it forty feet up in a circus tent, and we applaud. Erect it over Niagara Falls and we give the fellow a million dollars. Yet the act has remained unaltered: what has changed is the support for the act, or rather the lack of support for it. It becomes remarkable because the props have been systematically removed.

The Golden Fruits
by Nathalie Sarraute
(Braziller; $4)

The shadow of the tightrope hangs heavy over the work of Mme. Sarraute and of the *nouveau-roman* group of which she is a leading exponent. It is as if they said: "Look, we know all about what is traditionally called The Novel. It has plot, characters, narrative continuity; things happen, or threaten they will happen, or are prevented from happening: it reaches conclusions. But all that is too obvious, too *déja-vu*. Maybe more can be done with it, maybe not. But we, at any rate, are not going to try. What we are going to do is, to remove the props. You don't think we shall be able to cross the room, to reach conclusions? Just watch!"

So it is that *The Golden Fruits* consists simply of a set of conversations relating to a book of that title, which is supposed to have been published recently in Paris. What the subject of this other book is (beyond the fact that it is a more or less traditional "novel"); what its real merits are; whether the critics' estimates of it are just – none of this is revealed. All that we know – through overhearing this series of excited confabulations of the literary coteries – is that it very soon obtains a terrific *succès d'estime*, that anyone who dares to raise the faintest note of query or qualification



Why did Stalin purge the Red Army on the Eve of World War II?

THE TUKHACHEVSKY AFFAIR

By VICTOR ALEXANDROV

In June of 1937 Mikhail Tukhachevsky, Chief of Staff of the Red Army, was executed—the great purge had begun. In all, 35,000 military men were either arrested or eliminated, weakening Russia's Army on the eve of World War II.

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is knocked flat by the juggernaut of its reputation; and that after a short period all this is reversed, and now it is the lone note of praise that is greeted with outraged contempt. As to *who* is doing the querying, the praising, the sneering, the roughriding, we are just as much in the dark about that. We have only voices, without ages, sexes, faces – sometimes we can hazard something of them by studying between the lines, but more frequently not. They may be husband and wife, or lovers, or brothers – again we can guess, sometimes with some confidence, but never be sure. They have no continuity of existence: there is no guarantee whatever that the sensible enquiring young lady on page 117 is the same as the s.e.y.l. on page 99.

If in fact we were to describe *The Golden Fruits* as "177 pages of we-don't-know-who talking about we-don't-know-what," it would be an entirely fair and unprejudiced description. But is it then unreadable? The odd thing is, that it isn't. "Look," says Mme. Sarraute; "no plot, no characters, no props, and you think I am surely going to fall. But I'm not."

And she doesn't. She reaches the other side, and we are still attentively with her. Partly we are held, like every circus audience, by the morbid hope that perhaps she'll tumble after all; partly by sheer interest as to how she will succeed in evading the consequences of her seemingly intolerable self-imposed conditions.

And how indeed? Partly by her strong sense of form: the book can have no plot, but it has a very clearly defined shape – the shape, in fact, of a graph, the peak-like outline that defines the fictional *Golden Fruit's* rise and fall in avant-garde esteem. She charts the slightest seismic tremor, the least shift of the barometric needle, with devoted, exact, even obsessional care. And the fact that we really know next to nothing about that other *Golden Fruits*, is converted to positive advantage. If we were reading, say, a collection of 18th and 19th Century essays about Shakespeare, we should be invited to make a complex response, compounded of insights about the plays themselves as we see them, about the varying *Zeitgeists* of two hundred years, about cyclic revolutions in taste, about the individual quirks and strengths of the particular critics. But, knowing nothing of the *Golden Fruits*, and nothing of its critics beyond the form and content of their words, our response is narrowed and channelled into something comparatively simple: we are concerned, in the end, with a single subject only, the formation and destruction of fashionable reputations.

The other thing that holds us is the style. A roomful of people discussing a book is a pretty dreary thing to read about, however amusing or even exciting it may be to be present in the flesh. It is probably less dreary in Paris than anywhere else, because the opinion-forming French get so tremendously worked-up, forming alliances, hatching infernal-machines, booming in tones of doom of damnable treasons – but even this could not be transcribed straightforwardly without early *ennui*. What Mme. Sarraute has chosen, is to present all these conflicts and changes of mind and jockeyings for debating positions in the most dramatic and exaggerated terms possible:

"As for me, *The Golden Fruits*, I like it. . . . I can't hold it back, the pressure is too great, already the burning stream is mounting to my face, in a second it is going to spurt forth and sprinkle them, flood them – a geyser that will make us roll on top of one another, losing our dignity, our dripping locks hanging in disorder over our faces, our soaked clothes clinging to our skins.

I like *The Golden Fruits*, I'm going to say that, and once the first moment of confusion is over, they're going to pick themselves up, straighten the disorder of their appearance, rearrange their hair and, with somewhat disgusted gestures, make their clothes puff out, everything will again be spick-and-span, it will be for everybody – and even for me – a relief: they are going to reassemble and I, I shall be expelled,

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Ladies not for burning"

"New York City Fire Department officials got word that some of the boys in Engine Company 35 in East Harlem were whiling away the hours in the firehouse with some hired damsels in no distress. Inevitably, when the department revealed for whom the belles toiled, the news last week smoked out every hoary pun the city's headline writers could sneak by the editors.

"FIVE SUSPENDED FOR FIRE HOUSE SIRENS, said one headline after the initial disciplinary action. CAP'N & 4 BEGIN THEIR ORDEAL BY FIRE DEPT., huffed another."

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kept outside, where I belong, I the foreigner, the pariah."

The whole book, in fact, is an extended exercise in the mock-heroic, executed with a great deal of wit (and not a grain of humor).

So *The Golden Fruits* isn't a failure. Whether it is a success is another matter. At any rate, it is certainly not a success *as a novel.* It is, in fact, an intelligent work of aesthetics or social criticism or anthropology or philosophy or what-have-you, cast into dialogue-form: which doesn't make it any more a novel than the Socratic dialogues are plays – a good deal less, as it happens.

When one comes down to it, walking around on the ground is infinitely more rewarding than edging along a tight rope, simply because the available possibilities are comparatively so enormous. Or, to shift the metaphor, why is ballet so infinitely profounder an art-form than skating-on-ice?

Unused, Poorly Used Americans

by Mary Dublin Keyserling

It was once intellectually stylish to talk about our affluent society – its high living standards, superabundance of goods and gadgets, the virtual satiation of consumer demand. The facts were and are against it, of course. Despite the opulence of many and great progress in lifting low income levels since the depression of the thirties, a fifth of the nation is poor. Another fifth lacks enough to buy what most Americans regard as essentials.

The Wasted Americans
by Edgar May
(Harper & Row; $4.50)
Rich Man, Poor Man
by Herman P. Miller
(Crowell; $4.95)

Yet the discourse about our affluence did serve not only to draw attention to neglect in the public sector, but to bring forth more realistic appraisals of actual conditions in the United States. Thus we have had the Conference on Economic Progress' *Poverty and Deprivation in the United States,* Michael Harrington's *The Other America – Poverty in the United States,* and several other books and articles which have received wide notice. But President Johnson's war on poverty won't be won – or even effectively begun – until the public conscience is further aroused to support the massive programs which significant progress will require. Two new books will help toward that end.

Edgar May tells the story of the four million Americans who get relief checks. A newspaperman turned welfare case worker to search out the facts, Mr. May has written an angry book. He describes the magnitude and indignity of dependency, the insufficiency of public assistance, the paucity of trained welfare case workers, the hesitancy of enlightened welfare agencies to tell their story and mobilize public support, the punitive attitudes and ineptness of the unenlightened.

While briefly recognizing the urgency of accelerating economic expansion, Mr. May's emphasis is on improving our welfare system. He wants to increase the ratio of federal funds matching state money, to increase benefits, reduce case loads, and improve social worker recruitment and salary levels. He pleads for more widespread availability of birth control information. He advocates blanketing old age assistance recipients under the Social Security Act with benefits paid out of annual tax revenues, large scale volunteer community service programs, and state and local human renewal councils to coordinate welfare and educational efforts. Above all, he urges social workers to battle in the political arena. They must "give the facts and raise hell."

Rich Man, Poor Man by Herman P. Miller, a Special Assistant in the Bureau of the Census, is an excellent "poverty handbook" for the general reader. Because of its simple and readable style, it lends itself especially to high school use. (The fact that the problem of poverty is being widely studied by young people throughout the country bodes well for the future.)

Miller translates the annual Census Bureau reports on income distribution into human terms, showing exactly who the poor are.

Mr. Miller points out that, while there was great improvement in income distribution from the mid-thirties to the mid-forties, "our social revolution ended nearly 20 years ago." Real levels of living standards have continued to rise, but virtually no income *distribution* improvement has taken place since. The lowest two income fifths had the same share of national income in 1961 as in 1944. Before 1950, the greatest relative increases in income went to those in the lower paid occupations. Since then, increases have accrued predominantly to those at the top. The gap between the incomes of whites and Negroes has widened.

The more recent trend, says the author, "could be related to the fact that the decade [of the fifties] was dominated by a political philosophy committed to stability rather than change." He points out that higher unemployment insurance benefits, with higher social security payments, the lifting of minimum wage floors and coverage extension, and larger area redevelopment grants, would have narrowed the income differentials. Mr. Miller omits,

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Irving Howe *edited* The Basic Writings of Trotsky, *published last fall by Random House.* Hilary Corke *is a British poet and critic.* Mary Dublin Keyserling *has just been appointed head of the Women's Division of the Department of Labor by President Johnson.*

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however, any discussion of the deficiencies in national economic policy which led to an average annual rate of economic growth of only 2.9 percent from 1953 forward – a rate far below the 4 to 5 percent needed during this period adequately to provide jobs for new entrants into the labor market and those displaced by technological advance. To this slow rate of growth must be attributed the rising levels of unemployment we have experienced, the failure of low wages to rise adequately, and much of the resistance to welfare improvement, all of which bear on the problem of poverty.

Mr. Miller's recommendations, though useful, are supplementary: better labor market information, more effective vocational guidance, training and retraining programs, improved job placement, encouragement of wage-earners mobility and intensified attacks upon racial discrimination.

FILMS

High Life Below Stairs

The Servant, directed by Joseph Losey with a screenplay by Harold Pinter based on Robin Maugham's novel, has five major characters: a young English gentleman, his fiancée, his servant, the servant's "sister," the gentleman's house. Most of these characters – including the last one – are extraordinarily well delineated and interrelated for about the first half of this film. In the

The Servant (Landau)

second half, natural motions come perceptibly under the influence of theatrical ambitions, and what has been a series of events becomes a series of effects. Some of the latter are striking, although they go on too long; but the film begins, and for some time continues, on a higher level.

The opening, accompanied by John Dankworth's admirable music, finds the servant crossing the King's Road in Chelsea. (Behind him is that notable London curiosity, the shop of Thomas Crapper, Sanitary Engineer.) In Royal Avenue he enters an empty house and discovers, dozing in a camp chair, the new young owner with whom he has a job interview. The entry into the house, the servant awake and the master asleep, the ease with which the young man takes command as he dozily awakes, all begin this film with a tone of intelligent purpose. We follow with interest as the house is furnished, as the servant demonstrates his aptitudes, as the young man's fiancée senses something in the servant that unsettles her, and as we go down the long path to the reversal of roles at the end.

Losey is an expatriate American whose reputation has up to now outrun the quality of his work shown here. In this film there is, from the first frame, a pleasant feeling of control, of imaginative selectivity. Ingeniously – particularly by the way he frames actions in doorways, on stairways, in angles of rooms – he makes the place itself a presence, makes this neat little house a microcosm of the tight little, right little isle. He has touched in small details – a cigar clenched in the young man's teeth as he reclines discoursing to his girl, off-hand wine snobbery – that indicate casually a life-view based on centuries' acceptances.

Pinter's dialogue, through a good deal of the picture, is like large-scale pointillism, that puts a dot of speech exactly where needed, where it explicates the surrounding silence and vice versa. There are two scenes – Pinter set-pieces, in a restaurant and in a country house – that in critical rigor ought to be objected to as extraneous. (Pinter himself plays a bit in the restaurant.) But they are so funny that it would be churlish to cavil.

What must be criticized, however, are both the story and theme. The servant corrupts the master: to get control of his money? Out of sheer viciousness? Or both? When is the plot laid? Is it in the servant's mind when he first takes the job? There is no hint that he

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ever did anything like it before; he has excellent references. Then when does he make his plans? Having discovered the servant's perfidy, why does the master re-hire him? If there is homosexual domination to be inferred, why has it not been previously implied? If the class barrier between the two disintegrates so speedily after the servant's return, why need the servant and the girl continue their plot in the scene where she comes out of the rain?

Thematically the script will not bear much weight. The master is autocratic and incompetent, the servant is skillful; but there is nothing to sustain an allegory of social revolution. Napoleon said that he could hear the tumbrels of the French Revolution in Figaro's last-act soliloquy. But this servant's motive is not class discontent; he is Iago, not a Jacobin, as witness the wild parties at the end of the picture. It becomes a suspense thriller of corruptive mania or criminality, and the hints of social relevance are mere trappings.

This change of texture is marked when Sarah Miles, the servant's "sister," enters. Miss Miles confirms again that she is an actress of small resources; and her presence seems to have affected Losey adversely, because his only heaviness in direction are with her, particularly in her seduction of the youth.

It is James Fox, the young master, who gives the film its absolutely essential quality. Dirk Bogarde, as the corrupter, has the more showy part and is excellent in it: his accent, bearing, his eventual almost attractive petulance. But without Fox's easy aristocracy, there would be no heights from which to descend.

If the whole film were up to the level of its first hour or so, if the script were seamless, if Losey had had clearly in mind whether he was making a *soigné* melodrama like *Kind Lady*, a psychosexual mystery like *The Turn of the Screw*, or even a latter-day view of Waugh's Metroland horrors, his talents, which are ample, would have been fulfilled. He does not lack ability but rather clarity of purpose.

As expected, controversy about *Dr. Strangelove* has arisen here and abroad. To those who do not find it funny or artistically fine, I can offer only condolences and my best wishes for speedy re-incarnation. To those who claim that its content is too ridiculous for credibility, I recommend the newspapers. In the same week in which the US takes economic action against nations who trade with Cuba because Castro is spreading Soviet Communism, we also sell a huge lot of wheat to Soviet Russia. Were those actions determined by Stanley Kubrick and Terry Southern or Johnson and Rusk?

But the most resounding answer to the claim that the film's parody is baseless is contained in Lewis Mumford's letter in the March 1 *New York Times*. I quote two passages for those who may have missed this important letter:

> "*Dr. Strangelove* would be a silly, ineffective picture if its purpose were to ridicule the characters of our military and political leaders by showing them as clownish monsters – stupid, psychotic, obsessed. For we know that most of them are in fact intelligent, devoted men, with only a normal proneness to suspicion, pride, and error. What has masked the hideous nature of our demoralized strategy of total extermination is just the fact that it has been the work of otherwise well-balanced, responsible men, beginning with Henry L. Stimson."
>
> "What the wacky characters in *Dr. Strangelove* are saying is precisely what needs to be said: this nightmare eventuality that we have concocted for our children is nothing but a crazy fantasy, by nature as horribly crippled and dehumanized as Dr. Strangelove himself. It is not this film that is sick: what is sick is our supposedly moral, democratic country which allowed this policy to be formulated and implemented without even the pretense of open public debate.
>
> "This film is the first break in the catatonic cold war trance that has so long held our country in its rigid grip."

If that is anti-American, it is also anti-British, anti-French, anti-Russian, anti-Chinese – anti all obsolescent political solipsisms. Mr. Mumford's letter is one more item in our long debt to this civilized and civilizing man.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Sunny side up"

"Togged in a black academic gown, honorary Doctor of Laws Lyndon B. Johnson, UCLA '64, was plainly enjoying himself a continent's breadth away from chill Washington. Everything was toasty warm: the palmy California weather, the cheery crowd jamming UCLA's athletic field, the good-neighborly spirit of his guest and fellow laureate, President Adolfo López Mateos of Mexico. And so was Dr. Johnson's lecture for the day—a short course in U.S. foreign policy served warmed over and sunny side up."

From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
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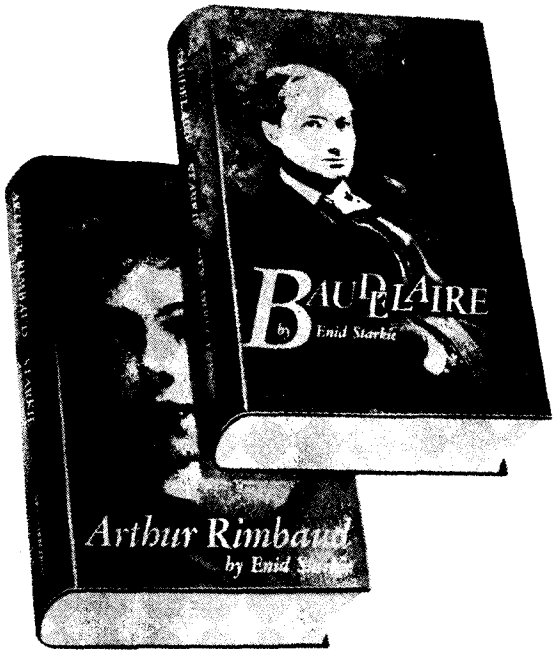

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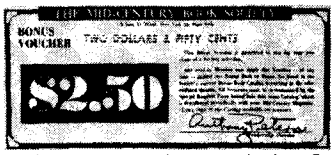

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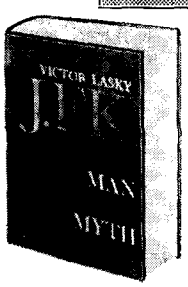

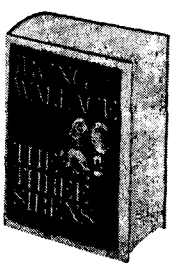

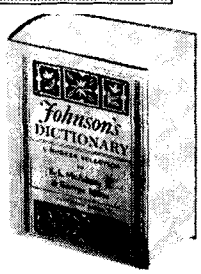

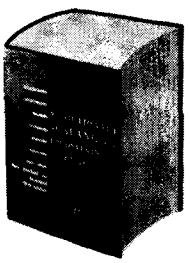

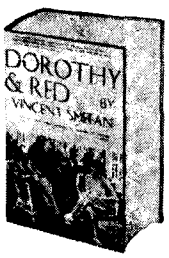

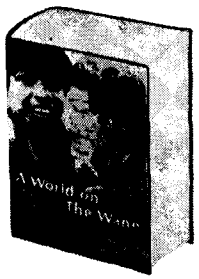

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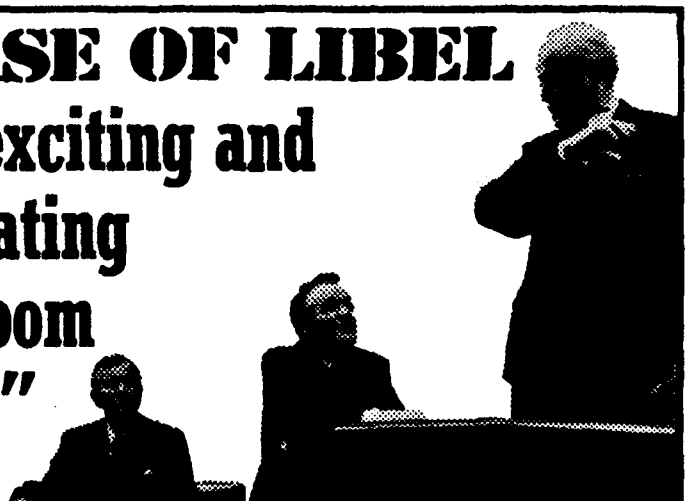

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Correspondence

More Baby Talk

Sirs:

I have read both his letters (January 25, February 29) and I still wonder what Dwight MacDonald is up to. After all, what can he possibly know about Oswald as a thinker and ideologist, any more than the confusing next-to-nothing the rest of us do. Isn't this a form of wishful snooping and contrived inference no more plausible (and no more necessary) as an explanation of the assassination than any other guess? What surprises is that Mr. MacDonald, in the present absence of sure findings, would be so anxious to pin final responsibility on the leftists and liberals and to make Oswald "our baby." (By the way, not even the Chinese partisans of the *Monthly Review* would claim Oswald, the editors of that journal condemning his act as individualistic and anarchic and completely un-Marxist in the sense of hoping a killing could alter an historical condition.)

Darwin Aronoff
South Pasadena, Calif.

The Week That Was

Sirs:

I feel Albert Goldman was a little unfair in his review of the American "That Was the Week That Was" (February 22). I agree with much of his evaluation; most of the sketches in the early programs have not been very good. What I disagree with is his failure to even acknowledge the fact that after years of taboos and restrictions, social and political satire is suddenly given prime television time, and the finality of his judgment which assumes that because the first program was poor, it is impossible for TW 3 ever to become better.

I am not even sure whether the program ought to become better – at least by Mr. Goldman's standards. He speaks for the intellectual audience, but perhaps the audience for which the program is intended may like TW 3 as it is, and may not want the substantive and stylistic subtlety which is now

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lacking. In other words, TW 3 may be a good popular satire even if it is not so good intellectual satire. If this is so I'd be happy to settle for TW 3 as it now stands, and get other brands of satire in nightclubs and coffeehouses.

Herbert J. Gans
New York, N.Y.

Fair Trial

Sirs:

I was glad to see you bring out the article ("Ensuring Fair Trial," February 29) on "the impropriety of publicity," especially since this "giving of news to the people" appears to others the essence of democracy and right. It is sad that the *first* impulse of so many liberals was to demand that the Texas police *et al.* tell everybody everything; for them to do less was (so it was often implied) to confess to complicity and conspiracy. We gradually realize that the murder of the President, while in one sense arbitrary and freakish, in a deeper sense is thoroughly of a piece with the unhappy age we live in. *And so was what followed.* In relation to which I should like to quote a remark made by Karl Kraus half a century ago: "We have set the man who is meant to report the fire – a man who should surely play the most subordinate part in the whole State – above the State, above the fire, above the burning house, above fact, above our imagination."

Eric Bentley
New York, N.Y.

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